

TURN TO PAGE 665.

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TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

PIONEER
Cigarettes.

3d.
per packet.

RICHMOND
CAVENDISH Co. LTD.,
LIVERPOOL.

No. 61

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATE.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 17, 1902.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

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TO THEIR MAJESTIES

The KING & QUEEN.

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The Article on Page 669 should Interest You.

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PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

THE
LADY'S
MAGAZINE
for April
Now
Selling
at
6d.

No. 613.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 17, 1902.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

A SENTIMENTAL poet writes: "How can I meet my darling?" After some deliberation over the question we have come to the conclusion that he can meet her by approaching her from an opposite direction.

THE LADY: "Jack, why don't you write a book, or paint a picture, or do something clever?"
The Gentleman: "Because I selected a millionaire for a father, and I think that was clever enough to last a lifetime."

Very Thin.

A FEW years ago a fire occurred early one morning at a house in Liverpool, and as the staircase was well alight before it was discovered, the servants (who were left in charge) had to seek some other means of escape.

The companion to an elderly invalid lady was reading the newspaper report of the fire to her, which stated that one servant escaped down a water-pipe at the back of the house.

At this statement the old lady exclaimed:
"But how thin the poor dear must have been!"

Look at Your Little Finger.

ADEPTS in palmistry assert that the length of the fourth or little finger is the most important sign in the hand. There is no great man—no man who rises to importance in any line of life—without a long and straight little finger.

The type of finger, whether spatulate, pointed, or very nearly square, causes the capacity to be directed into very different channels; with the long spatulate little finger success in business will result, while the long pointed one denotes tact and the management of people.

This, indeed, is the finger of "wheedle." The old saying "to turn people round your little finger" is, like most old proverbs, the result of continued and close observation, and in the case of "the long pointed Mercury"—as Ben Jonson, in *The Alchemist* calls the fourth finger—is undoubtedly entirely true.

Hardships of a Detective's Life.

NOVELISTS and the stage have done much to represent detective work as being alike lucrative, attractive, and deeply interesting; but those who know the wretched and monotonous drudgery of the ordinary detective's calling—this is said quite apart from the great dangers to life and limb that accrue—have a different tale to tell.

Fancy the awful monotony of watching one house, without ever taking your eyes off the door, for twelve hours a day for weeks together, and this sometimes when obliged to lie at full length in a wretched garret or hay-loft.

Yet this is a frequent episode in the career of a detective officer, and woe be to him if the man he wants escapes his vigilance, and is known by the detective's superior officer to have left the house undetected.

There is no stated hour when a detective's work ceases—that is, when he is on an important job. Sometimes for nights together he is out in the wet and cold, standing in a draughty passage, maybe, waiting for the return of a man who is wanted.

The writer remembers one case where a young detective remained for nearly twenty-four hours in the bottom of a market cart in a stable-yard, and this almost without food or drink—but he got his man at last.

MOTHER (reprovingly to little girl just ready to go for a walk): "Dolly, that hole was not in your glove this morning."

Dolly (promptly): "Where was it, then, mamma?"

A GENTLE CARVER always sits when he carves, says a work on etiquette. Perhaps he does; but it is pretty certain that there are times when he yearningly yearns to put one foot on the table and the other on the bird while struggling with the fowl.

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Mother's Kiss.

The playthings drop from the tiny hands,
And all unheeded lie,
And the household's darling whimpering stands
With pouted-up lips to cry.
But soon he's forgotten his woes to tell,
For mother has "kissed it and made it well."

A rosy boy with a wooden ship,
A cry and a wounded hand!
Oh, why will a clasp-knife always slip?
With the vessel high on land.
But the gravest trouble that e'er befall
Is nothing when mother has "kissed it well."

Oh, would that we men through years of pain,
When cares outweigh our joys,
Could fly to our mother's side again,
Just as we did when boys,
And feel the power of that old-time spell
When mother kissed us and "made it well."

"You have so much address I can hardly be expected to compete with you," said the letter to the envelope.
"Now, don't get excited," replied the envelope,
"because you know you can't contain yourself."

Silver Waste-paper.

* REFINERS of nitrate of silver for the use of photographers," said one of the profession, "have agents travelling constantly about the country collecting the waste clippings of sensitised paper that accumulate in every photograph gallery. They buy all they can find, and pay for it in new nitrate, allowing the photographer a good round price for his waste."

"The waste is sent to the refiners, where the nitrate in the paper is separated from it by chemical process and prepared for market again. This refined nitrate is as good as it was originally, and is sold for just as much. The refiners, of course, make a big profit out of the waste, and the photographer is able to get a good supply of material for the scraps that would otherwise be of no use to him."

Price of a Shave.

A MAN walking through the suburbs of a certain large town noticed a barber's pole, to which was attached a signboard with the inscription, "Shaving One Half-penny."

His chin being rough and his funds low, he promptly entered the shop, seated himself in the chair, and asked to be shaved.

The knight of the razor carefully lathered and scraped away at one side of the customer's face, sponged it, and drew the cloth away with the usual flourish.

"But you don't call this finished?" expostulated his victim, keeping his seat.

"Beg pardon, sir, do you want the other side done as well?" said the barber, with a hair-olly smile.

"Certainly I do. Do you think I can go out in the street half-shaved?" replied the other.

And the barber proceeded to operate on the other side of his customer.

When the job was finished the man, who began to smell a rat, fumbled in his pockets and fished out a half-penny, which he tendered to the barber.

"Another halfpenny, if you please, sir," said the latter.

"What? You've got on your board outside, 'Shaving a ha'penny.'"

"Very true. But if you will have the goodness to observe, you'll find that inscription is on each side of the board."

"I know that."

"Very good, sir. There are two sides to my board—and two sides to your face."

"I see," replied the man, with his hand on the door-knob; "and, if you will have the goodness to observe that ha'penny, you will find there are two sides to that as well."

"How does it happen that Mr. Worldly performs the marriage ceremony for so many old maids?"
"Oh, he always asks them, in an audible tone, if they are of age, and they all like him."

MOTHER: "Johnny, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Here you sit in bed yet, while the sun has been up for hours."

Johnny: "Yes, but the sun is warm, while I am always cold when I get up. There are different kinds of sons, and you've got them mixed up."

Male Brides.

It had rained all the long dreary day, and his golden curls were bedraggled and wet, and his nice collar hung limp down his slender shoulders when he came home at a quarter past four o'clock, and threw his school-books at the cat which lay beside the hearth.

"Grandpa," he said, softly, as he came to where the old man was quietly sitting, smoking and thinking, "I thought all brides were of the female sex."

"They are, child, they are. Why do you make such an odd remark?"

"Because, grandpa, in looking over my geography lesson I came upon the Hebrews. Are they females, too? And, if so, why are they called 'he'?"

Shooting at a Sound.

Two blind men, named Hallet and Jackson, one day met, with their friends, in a field outside Halifax, to decide the question of who was the better marksman.

A target was placed twenty yards away, an alarm being placed in the bull's-eye, and started ringing when one of the marksmen was ready to shoot, and each competitor was allowed ten shots, the best score to gain the prize of five pounds.

The contest was an exciting one, the spectators generally seeming impressed with the idea that they were more likely to be hit than the targets, and a very wide berth being allowed each competitor when he was handling his gun.

In the end Hallet won, he having had the good fortune to actually score a bull's-eye, which, although he had only hit the target four times, placed him ahead of his rival, who hit it five, most of his hits, however, being "outers."

Sand-diggers' Finds.

THE sea does sometimes return a portion of the vast treasures which it has engulfed, and it is worthy of record that humble diggers in the sand by the seashore—for instance, the men who dig for sandworms as fishing bait—not uncommonly make very curious finds.

Not many years since a Southend man found a diamond necklet and pendant of great value and evidently of foreign—probably Indian—pattern and manufacture. He dug carefully about the same spot, and came across what were evidently the brass fittings of a jewel-case.

The writer well remembers near Scarborough a humble digger in the sand coming across a tin box, which was found to contain nearly one hundred and twenty pounds in gold and certain papers, which were in a pulp and of course undecipherable.

The most frequently found articles are trinkets and coins, and, of course, many of these are found in the vicinity of piers and jetties, but amongst other strange finds that the writer has seen have been a large tin box of lead soldiers, half the silver-mounted contents of a dressing-case—all these latter found close together—a silver-mounted meerschaum pipe, a baby's silver and coral rattle, and a cornet marked with a name.

"Now, Algernon," said Miss Fussanfeather, as she was tightly held in the embrace of her fiancé, "they tell me that men get tired of squeezing after they are married. Will you promise me not to give it up after we are man and wife?"

"Oh, I assure you it is not necessary to make any such promises," replied the young man. "I guarantee you'll have all the squeezing you want to do to get along on thirty shillings a week."

Some beautiful illustrations will be found in "Weddings in Art" in the April LADY'S MAGAZINE.



A PRETTY girl of twenty years, sat at a piano listlessly running her fingers over the keys. Presently the melody of harmonies with which she had been diverting herself ceased, or rather resolved themselves into something definite—Mendelssohn's song without words—"Frühlingslied." She played it with a light, sympathetic touch, playfully, but tenderly.

She had not heard the door open whilst she played, and when she had finished, she rose with a half pouting sigh.

Then she saw Ronald Mortimer standing in the doorway with his eyes bent upon her. A faint blush rose quickly to her face, and half shyly she went forward with outstretched hand and smiling lips. All the weariness was gone, and there was no trace of the pout or the sigh.

"That was charmingly played," said Ronald. "You like Mendelssohn?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, and then could think of nothing else to say, for Ronald was the man she loved, and she had not long discovered the fact.

"It seems to have made you sad, though," he said.

"All music that touches me at all does that," Enid answered, in a burst of confidence, "but just now I was feeling a little sad about something else."

"Won't you tell me what it is?"

"Oh, yes, I'll tell you. Mother and I were to have gone to Lady Earle's to-night, and now mother declares she won't go. She has presentiments, you know, or she says she has, and when she gets one she simply won't move out of the house for days. She says something in the way of a catastrophe always happens when she feels like this."

"So she likes to wait at home for the misfortune to come to her. She does not believe in meeting the devil half-way," Ronald laughed.

Enid laughed a little too, but immediately became grave again. To miss a ball when one is only twenty, and when one has had a new frock especially for the occasion, is too much to expect one to bear with equanimity, even for the sake of a presentiment; and when, in addition, the man one loves is to be there dancing with other girls the thing becomes intolerable.

"Poor mother," she said, "she declares that she felt just the same before the news of Vivian's death came from the Transvaal, and she even says that when little—"

Enid stopped abruptly as the door opened and a tall, handsome woman of about forty-five came into the room.

She was very gracious to Ronald, for he was a favourite of hers, and nothing would have pleased her better than to have seen him married to Enid.

"You will be at Aunt Vera's dance to-night of course," ventured that young gentleman. Then mendaciously—"Bessie told me that she was depending on your being there. They were awfully annoyed at their last affair, several people disappointed them. It was rather funny too, only I was sorry for Aunt Vera."

Mrs. Preston fidgeted a little. It was plain she did not quite know what to say.

"To tell you the truth," she said at length, "I did not mean to go to-night. I was just coming to ask Enid to write a note for me. It is only a little over a year since Vivian died, poor boy, and so, of course, Enid has not been out much this season. It seems rather hard on her, but I do not want to go. I have been haunted since getting up this morning by such a horrid feeling. I cannot describe it, but I am sure it forebodes evil. It is very foolish of me to give way to it, is it not?"

"I should imagine the feeling would pass away more quickly if you were to go out and amuse yourself a little," suggested Ronald.

"But you have no idea of the sort of feeling it is—its very vagueness makes it so much the more terrifying. I have been conjuring up most dreadful happenings all day."

"Poor Aunt Vera!" Ronald said pityingly, "I am afraid it is on her that the blow is going to fall."

"Oh, no, no—we'll go! I'll try and think no more of this feeling. Perhaps, as you say," began Mrs. Preston, when Enid burst out fervently with—"Oh, mother, you are a darling. I do so want to wear my new frock," and then she looked a little confused, for she had almost forgotten Ronald's presence.

Before the latter went out he contrived to say to Enid, unheard by Mrs. Preston: "If you would show me which of this old china is the most precious I would contrive to smash some of it. That would be catastrophe enough for one day, wouldn't it?"

"You are very wicked," Enid said with a smile, for she felt very happy just now. She was radiantly lovely that night as she entered the ball-room at Earle's House. Her dress was of the palest blue satin, veiled in gold-embroidered chiffon, soft and shimmering under the shaded lights. She wore no jewels save a string of pearls round her beautiful throat. She had taken out every ornament in her possession and had tried their effect with her dress, selecting the pearls at last as the most becoming. A small fortune in jewellery lay in an unlocked case on her dressing-room table. Such rank carelessness! As her mother had said afterwards.

The loss of the jewels would have been nothing to her, however, for Ronald Mortimer that night had asked her to be his wife, and every other thought was swallowed up in her intense happiness.

And, as she said, she had really forgotten all about the presentiment when she saw herself arrayed for the dance.

London slept. The great pulses that had throbbed so strongly for twenty hours—the long working-day of the Metropolis—were stilled for a short space in slumber. Sleeping London is somewhat oppressive—awe-inspiring—

and even the "Marquis" felt it so; for as he cautiously crept along to his destination he unconsciously borrowed from Wordsworth, muttering to himself, "The bloomin' houses seem asleep." Now, the "Marquis" should have been accustomed to this state of affairs, for he was a night-bird, and had been so for some time since, at an early age, he had drifted into his present surroundings. But in spite of his many years of hard training, he never seemed to be quite able to fit into the groove into which Fate had thrust him.

He was given to dreaming, and if the man who hesitates is lost—the burglar who dreams is destined to Dartmoor or its equivalent. Yet his pals bore with him, for setting aside the above mentioned drawback to his profession, the "Marquis" was an A1 housebreaker. His long slender hands with their keen perceptiveness were equal to the most delicate operations, whilst their strength was that of a powerful vice. They would have been a god-send to a surgeon.

Then he had a fine quick ear, a sharp comprehensive eye, a strong nerve, and the cool, calm, collected repose of manner which Tennyson has associated for us with the Vere de Veres. It was this nonchalant exterior, together with his decidedly aristocratic cast of countenance, that had obtained for him his cognomen of the "Marquis." At first when he had fallen into the hands of Jerry Slithers and Co., he had been known as "Sonny," but that was seventeen years ago, when he was only eight years of age.

And now London slept and the "Marquis" made the most of his opportunities. It was a palatial house that he entered to-night, and the inhabitants, who had been up until the small hours, were sleeping the sleep of the tired, and the just—let us hope. How the "Marquis" got in was best known to himself, but he did get in, and so did Jerry Slithers, the latter finding his way to the plate room, while our friend was left to make a tour of the rooms upstairs. The first room he entered was one which bore signs of not having been occupied for some time.

The "Marquis" looked about him.

Suddenly he was transfixed with what was almost terror. He was standing before a large mirror, and as he looked at his reflection with a sardonic smile on his handsome face, he saw rising out of the gloom behind him what appeared to be his second self. He rubbed his eyes and gazed steadfastly at it. It was his face undoubtedly, there was the same lofty brow, the straight chiselled features, the finely curved mouth and the resolute chin. Something impelled him to put up his hand and remove his cap. The very hair was the same, brown and slightly curling, pushed back from the forehead. He turned with a shudder, and was relieved to find himself face to face with only an oil-painting.

The colour which had fled from his face began to return as he examined it. "It's me!" was the ungrammatical phrase which dropped from his lips, "I'm blown if it ain't!" Then his eye rested on a similar picture underneath. It was of a lady and her child. Lying at their feet was a large Newfoundland dog. As the "Marquis" gazed upon this representation there came an unusual stirring in the depths of his heart—some chord in his memory which had long lain hidden and silent, vibrated now in response to the gentle touch that was laid upon it.

But though he felt strangely moved, and convinced that he was in some way connected with the lady whose portrait he was looking at, he could remember nothing definitely. He forgot where he was, forgot that Slithers awaited him below, forgot that he was a common burglar, who, if caught in this house, must pay the penalty in long dreary years of imprisonment. He forgot all this, and began to look about at other pictures. Particularly was he struck by the photo of a lovely young girl, who smiled out at him from her silver frame with friendly eyes. He looked at that face till he knew it and would be able to recognise it anywhere.

Then, but crash! He had dropped his lantern and it had gone out! His senses came back to him. He held his breath, and listened, then drew himself together, for someone had pushed open the door. Suddenly the room was illuminated—the electric light had been switched on from a knob just inside the door. The "Marquis" was ready for action, but lo! it was only a little girl of about twelve years old who stood on the threshold sleepily rubbing her eyes, and tossing back the long golden curls that hung around her face. She looked at the intruder in bewilderment for a second or two, then rushed forward and threw her arms about him.

"Oh, Vivian!" she cried, "are you not dead after all? Did the Boers not kill you? When did you come home? I'm so sleepy I can't make out what has happened. Enid went to Lady Earle's dance, didn't she? It seems so strange to see you. I heard you in here, and I thought it was Rover. He follows me about everywhere, only mamma is angry if he gets into the bedrooms, and I was going to send him downstairs. And all the time it is you—my own darling Vivvy!"

"What funny clothes you've got! I suppose the Boers have got yours. Oh, it is all so strange! You were dead last night when I went to bed and now you are alive. I do hope I'm not dreaming." Ethel rambled on after the manner of children who are suddenly roused from their sleep. The "Marquis" saw that she had mistaken him for the young man in the picture, who was no doubt her brother, and he smiled grimly as all the dangers of the situation presented themselves to his alert brain.

"Hush!" he whispered, he dared not speak loud for fear of betraying himself and spoiling her illusion. "You must go to bed now. I am tired."

"Well, kiss me," she replied, "and you will tell me everything to-morrow."

He had never kissed anything or anybody before, that he remembered, and he felt awkward; but it must be done. As he stooped and touched the little velvet cheek, and felt the two warm arms round his neck, unbidden tears rushed to his eyes. Ethel went towards the door, and the "Marquis" followed. On nearing the picture of the lady and child, she said, "Lift me up, Vivvy, to kiss mamma and little Walter. Poor Walter, he would have been a big man now if he had not got lost, wouldn't he? Perhaps he is a man somewhere. Good-night, darling!"

"Good-night," said the "Marquis" hastily and huskily, as he kissed her hand to him and disappeared. Walter! This was the missing link in the chain of his recollections. The name recalled everything, though hazily, to his mind. He remembered being called Walter, and having played in a

big garden with someone who had kissed him just like Ethel had done.

The full significance of what he was, and what might have been dawned upon him. He stood dazed, stupefied, holding his head with his hands, for he felt as though it were bursting. How long a time passed he did not know. When next he was conscious of anything he saw Jerry Slithers glaring at him with the ferocity of a tiger.

"You idjut," hissed that amiable person. "Are you going off yer chump? Wot's up?" Then he, too, caught sight of the picture. He saw the likeness at once, but he saw something else more precious to him. It looked like a small golden casket. He seized it, and then, with a muttered oath, saw the "Marquis" out of the door before him. The casket contained indisputable proofs as to the "Marquis'" identity.

There was a photograph of a small boy and a dog in it, a ringlet of auburn hair, and some newspaper cuttings—faded and worn—advertising the loss of Walter Preston aged four years, describing his person, and offering a large reward for his recovery.

"Yes, yer corresponds in ev'ry pertickler," was Jerry's verdict when he had got over his disappointment at finding nothing valuable in the casket. "Now if you have that there mole on the left shoulder blade, I'll make me bow t'yer as one of the reg'lar bloated haristocracy." The mole was duly found and Jerry thought it such a huge joke that he went off into peals of hoarse laughter. "Well, if this ain't a rum go! Ought ter be 'shamed of yerself, 'Marquis,' a-tryin' to rob yer own ma an' pa."

When little Ethel Preston awoke the next morning she was aware of an unusual commotion in the house.

"What is the matter, Nellie?" she asked the maid, and then suddenly remembering, she clasped her hands joyfully. "I know, I know," she cried, "Vivian came home last night! Oh, do make haste! I must run and see if he has brought me that monkey he promised!"

"Please stand still, Miss Ethel. You are dreaming—Mrs. Vivian won't come home no more, you know quite well. If you must know what's up, burglars has been in the house, and took everything worth having nearly."

"Burglars!" cried the little girl in amazement. "But Vivian was here too. I went to his room and spoke to him."

"Hush!" cried Nellie. "Don't talk so silly, Miss Ethel. If your ma hears you she'll be fine and angry."

"I did see him," persisted Ethel now in tears, "I'll go to mamma and ask her."

"You'd best not, your ma's awfully put out this morning," Ethel found her mother in tears. Enid, dressed in a white silk morning gown, was hovering about, looking very pretty and trying to look very unconcerned, but somehow she could not quite succeed.

"Why are you crying, mamma?" asked the little girl.

"Didn't Vivian come home last night?"

"What are you saying, pet?" asked Mrs. Preston, drying her eyes as Ethel kissed her.

"Vivian came last night did he not? I went to his room and spoke to him. I heard a noise, and thought it was Rover, but when I went in I saw it was Vivvy. He had old clothes on because the Boers had taken his. Where did he go?" The mother and elder daughter looked at one another. Was it possible that the child had mistaken a common burglar for her brother! A burglar's tools and lantern had certainly been found in Vivian's room, so it must be true that Ethel had been in, speaking to the horrid wretch.

"Run away, dear, to Miss Mitchell. Vivian has not been here—you were mistaken. Mother is not well this morning. I'll come and talk to you presently," Enid said.

"Let her stay, Enid," Mrs. Preston said. "I want her to tell me all about it."

In the meantime the "Marquis," or Walter as he really was, suffered very much. Jerry lost no opportunity of dining into his ears, what a good thing he had stumbled upon. "They'll give you anything to get rid of you," was his consoling argument. "How much are you going to ask for?" These words cut deeply into Walter's heart, already lacerated enough.

"Git away," was his sullen answer, and none other would he vouchsafe.

"Gettin' on yer 'igh 'orse already?" Jerry said. "well, don't forget as how I took yer in when yer was a starvin' kid an' I always treated yer kind."

Walter put on his hat and went out. By some strange attraction he was drawn to Mayfair—and found himself walking past the house which was, by right, his home. He was hoping, he knew not why, that someone would come out, his mother, or the little girl who had been so glad to see him on that fateful night. Then there came the thought that if the child had recognised him, his likeness to his brother would be even more easily discerned by the lady, his mother.

"She shan't see me," was the determination he arrived at. "I won't break her heart by letting her know what I am," he thought bitterly. "I'll get away somewhere from Jerry and try to go on straight. But I'd like to see the little 'un again."

He heaved a heavy sigh as he turned to retrace his steps, but he was so pre-occupied that he did not notice a carriage dashing up at full speed. He stepped off the kerb—the horses were upon him—he was down—he heard a shout, the shriek of a woman, then a wheel passed over his head—and the "Marquis'" career in this world was finished. It was the irony of Fate, that the carriage held his mother and sister, and when the former alighted all trembling, the coachman would not let her look upon the injured man's face. "Don't look at him, mum," said the old servant. "It's a sight as you would never forget." He did not know how true were his words.

Poor Walter was borne away to the nearest infirmary, where he died.

"So mother's presentiment was not nonsense after all," Enid observed to Ronald Mortimer. "I do hope she will never have another."

"The way to sleep is to think of nothing," says a scientist. All an editor has to do is to ruminate over his bank account.



Humble Heroines of Soul-stirring Dramas.

UNTIL within a few years ago there fluttered from the summit of Repton Church spire a frayed fragment of cord, known far and wide throughout the surrounding country-side as "Little Bessie's Rope."

Bessie was a steeplejack's daughter, and one day her father, in a spirit of bravado, essayed to don on the very apex of the spire aforesaid, a new suit of clothes with which he had been presented.

Fixing his ladders he ascended by their aid so far as possible, afterwards throwing upwards a slender rope and skilfully hitching it on one of the arms of the cross.

This he climbed hand over hand, until he reached the bend of the ball, when he crawled up and seated himself at the foot of the cross.

Two or three minutes elapsed, during which he was donning the presentation clothes, but at length he stood erect and proceeded to throw into the air, one by one, the discarded garments, the crowd below meanwhile cheering loudly as each fell fluttering earthward.

Suddenly, however, there was a cry of affright from above, followed by a great hush below. The steeplejack had somehow managed to loosen the rope, his sole connecting-link with earth, and it now hung dangling from the top of the uppermost ladder, full thirty feet below where he stood.

Two or three men moved hesitatingly towards the churchyard, but a child-woman of sixteen, his daughter, was there first. Rung by rung she mounted, until she looked no bigger than a doll. Then, after three failures, hanging meanwhile by her left hand three hundred feet in air, she succeeded in throwing the rope into her father's hand. It was a brave deed bravely done. No wonder the good people of Repton were proud of "Little Bessie's rope," and sorrowed somewhat when the storms of winter carried away the last remaining shreds.

A CHILD WHO SAVED FOUR LIVES.

In every fisherman's cabin along the rugged Connaught coast, is current the story of the life and death of little Mary Costigan. And it is good that it should be so current; for it is a story of heroism well nigh unparalleled in one so young; of the self-sacrifice, even unto self-immolation, of a child.

Mary was the fourteen-year-old daughter of an Achill Island peasant, and one day, while her parents were away kelp-gathering, the ever-restless Atlantic flung carelessly upon a reef, only a few hundred yards from their cabin door, a battered fragment of wreckage to which were lashed four shipwrecked mariners.

Only a few hundred yards! But between the reef and the shore the water swirled and boiled like a mill-race; and beyond, the ocean rollers leapt skyward in cataracts of foam. Mary gave one swift glance round for assistance, but no one was in sight, so without more ado, she ran down to the water's edge and launched her father's crazy cobbler.

Three journeys to and fro were made in safety, and three bruised and battered mariners were laid tenderly on the sands of the little cove where she beached her boat. Then she set out a fourth time for the reef. But she never reached there. When in mid-channel a stupendous billow swept clean over it, burying beneath its fury the last of the poor castaways, and then, sweeping majestically onward, swamped the tiny cobbler as easily as though it had been a Niagara encountering a cockleshell.

THE BRAVERY OF A STEWARDESS.

A volume might be written on the heroism of stewardesses on passenger ships, who, when disaster came, have quietly and unostentatiously laid down their lives for their charges. One such instance, however, stands out from all other similar ones, because the death voluntarily encountered, was death, not by drowning, as might have reasonably been expected, but the still more trying ordeal of death by fire.

It was during the night of September 16th, 1895, and the steamer *Iona* was burning in the North Sea. Among the passengers was a little three-year-old child, who had been specially intrusted to the care of the stewardess, Miss Edith Ledenham. The fire broke out in the after-part of the ship, where were the ladies' cabins, and, after rousing their occupants and seeing them on to the fore-castle, the heroic young stewardess suddenly remembered that her little charge had been forgotten.

For a few brief moments she hurried from group to group of the rescued, wringing her hands, and inquiring of each and everyone whether "her baby" had been seen by anybody. But it soon became evident that her quest was vain. "She is not here, she has been left behind," explained the chief steward. "Then," replied the heroic girl, "I am going to her." "And with that," deposed a witness at the inquest afterwards, "she ran swiftly through the smoke and the flames, and we saw her no more."

All the witnesses agreed in stating that, at the time Miss Ledenham rushed back after the little one, the whole interior of the after-part of the ship was a raging furnace. She could, therefore, hardly have hoped to have succeeded in her self-imposed task. But she deemed it was her duty to try.

An almost unique act of heroism was that for which Miss Julia Dignam, of Balgriffin, co. Dublin, was presented by our King (then Prince of Wales), with the silver medal of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. Miss Dignam, who is the daughter of a labourer, was one day returning from carrying her father's dinner, when she heard loud cries proceeding from the neighbourhood of a burning lime-kiln which she had to pass on the way home.

Rushing to the spot, she gathered, from the frightened exclamations of some children, that a young man, named John Sharkey, had been overcome by the fumes and had fallen into the kiln. Without a moment's hesitation the brave girl climbed down into the fiery pit, and, although badly scorched, and half asphyxiated into the bargain, she succeeded by her own unaided exertions in lifting the unconscious lad from the ground and carrying him up and out into the open air. Unfortunately, the poisonous gases had done their work and life was extinct, while Miss Dignam herself was in so deplorable a state of exhaustion that for some little time her recovery was despaired of.

LIVERPOOL'S ONLY WOMAN MEDALLIST.

Once, and once only, has the silver medal of the Liverpool Humane Society been conferred upon a woman, the recipient being Mrs. William Mellor, of Cloughton, near Birkenhead. Mrs. Mellor, out driving one morning, was startled by the appalling cry of "Mad dog! Mad dog!" and, as the carriage turned a bend in the road, she beheld a big retriever, evidently rabid, worrying a child which lay on the ground.

Mrs. Mellor had always been more or less afraid of dogs, but the sight of the child's agony impelled her towards the spot, and she leapt from her seat to the ground, the sudden apparition startling the dog, which bounded off in another direction. Tenderly picking up the mangled victim, she commenced furiously to suck the various wounds, so as to extract the virus, afterwards driving her in her own carriage to a chemist's hard by, and personally supervising the process of cauterisation.

Seventeen years ago a procession such as might have assisted at the obsequies of some great nobleman, bore to its last resting-place in Isleworth cemetery the body of a little nursemaid of eighteen. Ten thousand people, many of them of high rank and social standing, crowded the burial ground, and silently filed by the open grave, paying a last tribute of respect to her who slept within. Nearly every member of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, too, who was off duty, or could be spared, attended; and more than a hundred thousand sight-seers lined the route of the funeral procession.

A HEROINE FROM THE BOROUGH.

The name of the deceased girl was Alice Ayres, and she had, during the last few months of her young life, filled the position of nurse to the three children of Mr. Henry Chandler, who kept an oil and colour shop in Union Street, Borough. The premises caught fire in the early morning of April 23rd, 1885, and amid the crimson glow, silhouetted clearly to the crowd below, appeared Alice at an upper window—a child in her arms. "Jump!" screamed the crowd in the street with one accord, for the flames were already wreathing her. "Not me!" cried Alice. "Catch the little 'un," and she threw it into the mob's outstretched arms. Then she turned and was lost to view.

Only for a few seconds, however; then she re-appeared, bearing, wrapped in a blanket, the unconscious form of little four-year-old Nellie Chandler. Her, too, she dropped through the empty air—sulphurous by this time, and quivering with an intolerable heat—into the life and coolness of the below. Then again she went back into the inferno, her hair alight.

No one amid all that vast silent excited multitude thought ever to see her again. But they did. One—two—three minutes passed, and then she appeared once more at the casement, and with a superhuman effort flung into waiting arms what seemed to be but a smouldering bundle of clothes, but which was, in reality, the third and last of her charges. Only when she saw it had been safely caught, did she deign to jump herself.

Too late! She died in Guy's Hospital twenty-four hours later. But not before she had the proud privilege of listening to her Sovereign's words of praise and of condolence, forwarded all the way from Windsor by special equerry; and of knowing that all England was ringing with her name. A plain but massive marble monument, erected by public subscription, marks to this day the spot where she lies.

"If you don't consent I'll kill myself to-night," he said recklessly.

The fair girl shuddered.

"Wait a week—three days, before taking the step."

"I will," he answered, for in this request he saw more than a sign of hope.

"Because, you know," she continued, "I have a friend who is in the insurance business, and I feel you love me too well to refuse to allow him, at my request, to make a little something out of your disposing of yourself."

MICROBES THAT PLAY AT SEE-SAW.

When the Gout Germ Goes up, the Quinsy Germ Goes down.—How one Disease Microbe Drives out Another.

THE more we become acquainted with the gentle microbe, the more we realise that man, indeed, is a creature of circumstances, and the latter are chiefly determined by the microbe. We are entitled to regard dyspepsia as a disease worthy of due respect, and if an unexpected development of eczema should draw our attention from the dyspepsia, we justly feel we are the sport of microbes. But this game of see-saw was the actual experience of a patient in the West-end of London.

Dyspepsia had played such havoc with its victim that the medical man despaired of her reason. One day, however, an unexpected development of eczema had the gratifying but unlooked for effect of quelling the dyspepsia, and the patient, for the first time in ten years, ate a good dinner with real enjoyment. The removal of the eczema, however, was the signal for the return of the dyspepsia, and vice-versa, and thus the patient was alternately afflicted.

It is confidently stated that when cholera and dyspepsia play at see-saw, the latter gets tumbled off the plank, so to speak. A gentleman at Herne Hill was so afflicted with dyspepsia that he had to give up his business. When cholera was prevalent at two or three Continental ports, notably Hamburg, this gentleman was returning from the Continent, and he had the misfortune to be seized with the disease. He was lucky enough, however, to get over the attack, and he has since found to his great satisfaction that his dyspepsia has fallen off the see-saw, and troubles him no more.

Quinsy is a distressing and dangerous complaint, and the patient feels that he has endured quite enough without the addition of gout. In one case, however, the gout proved a blessing in disguise. A gentleman at South Kensington was down with quinsy, and suffered severely. The development of gout in his toe, however, seemed to fill his cup to the brim. But the advent of the gout meant the exit of the quinsy. The gentleman's wife was down with quinsy at the same time, but the microbes did not play see-saw in her case, and she had to fight it out with the quinsy.

So acceptable has this theory become, that Continental physicians have added the poisons of erysipelas and typhoid fever to their pharmacopoeia. Extreme care has to be used, however, in the employment of these bacilli. The typhoid fever microbe will play see-saw with diabetes, to the destruction of the latter. It is contended that the typhoid microbe absorbs all the sugar.

There is an exhausting disease caused by the presence of too many white corpuscles in the blood. The introduction of the typhoid germ results in a most desperate game of see-saw, which may be better described as a battle to the death, for in the end both participants are numbered with the slain.

The typhoid germ may indeed be considered a champion at his own game. A patient afflicted with rheumatism could have no better luck than to develop an attack of typhoid fever, for there have been instances without number where the rheumatism got entirely the worst of it. Tumours and cases of consumption have also gone down before the typhoid microbe, and it may be that cancer may have to bow the knee in the near future.

Ecema is a disease which stubbornly resists treatment, but in its worst form and after thirty years, it has had to give way when the erysipelas microbe was put on the other end of the plank. Thus medical men find in the erysipelas bacilli a useful agent for the curing of eczema, and not only that but cancer, lupus and other forms of skin disease have had to give way before it. Epilepsy and polyposis have also found more than their match in the microbes of erysipelas.

Not many people are grateful for influenza, but, like the rest of us, this microbe has its good points. In one instance a lady who had the benefit of the advice of the best doctors in London for chronic catarrh, had a severe attack of influenza three years ago. The catarrh succumbed to the influenza, and what is more has not returned. The microbe of typhus fever is a terrible fellow, and much too dangerous to be employed as a remedy, but there is a case on record where an attack of typhus resulted in the overthrow of a diseased liver.

An Indian Army officer was sorely troubled with his liver, and for years he was afflicted to such an extent that he practically became a living skeleton. He had an attack of typhus fever, which, it was thought would prove fatal. But he got over it, and to his joy found that his liver was once more all right. Erysipelas, St. Vitus' dance, dropsy, and consumption have also been beaten at the see-saw game by the typhus microbe.

Seeing that eczema has beaten dyspepsia, and erysipelas beaten eczema, and typhus has taken down erysipelas, on form typhus should be the champion see-saw microbe. But he is too dangerous to play with, and until we find some means of rendering him harmless, it would not be safe to enter him for the championship.

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE! A huge prize for a simple task. Particulars later.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

CHEAP DIVORCE.

Is there any Country in which Divorces are Granted Free of Cost? (1896.)

In many Eastern countries divorce is not a matter of cost at all, but simply of mutual consent to part. In Cochinchina and Tonkin, for instance, it is only necessary for a married couple to break a pair of chopsticks in the presence of witnesses to be legally divorced. Among some Siberian tribes a man has only to uncover his wife's head or face and walk away from her. In most Mohammedan countries, the fact that the wife does not bear a son is, if the husband wishes it, a cause of divorce—which costs nothing. The Eskimo husband can get a divorce by simply leaving his house in pretended anger and not coming back for several days. When he does return, the wife has taken the hint, and both can marry again.

The only European country in which divorce can be obtained for nothing is France, where, according to a recent law, if a couple can satisfy the court that they have valid causes of disagreement, and that they have no reasonable hope of living happily together, they can get a decree for nothing, provided that they convince the magistrate that their circumstances do not warrant them in obtaining divorce through the ordinary legal processes.

LONDON DAY-DARKNESS.

What is the Average Amount of "Day-Darkness" in London? (1897.)

The darkest months in London are December and January, and the darkest hours all round have been shown to be between nine and half-past ten. This is generally considered to be due to the lighting of thousands of office and other fires between nine and ten. The day then gets lighter until preparations for lunch in the shape of making up restaurant fires again causes the average of darkness to rise. This goes on until after one o'clock, and the average of a series of observations lasting through four years has shown that the day-darkness in London is responsible during the winter for quite half the gas and electric light bills of the Metropolis. In late spring, summer, and early autumn, this is diminished by from a half to a quarter, though, of course, it rises very materially on dull and foggy days, when the average even of winter may be reached. Late autumn shows little difference from winter. The observations on which these averages are based were made only in offices in which there was a good natural light. They, of course, do not apply to badly lighted or partially underground offices.

OUR WEATHER PROPHETS.

What Proportion of the Forecasts of the Meteorological Office are Wholly and Partially Successful? (1898.)

Owing to the immense mass of detail that had to be sifted out in order to get correct results, the latest figures available are verified down to March 31st, 1901. Of storm-warnings published during the year, fifty-seven per cent. turned out completely true; twenty-seven were nearly true; eleven per cent. partly failed, and five were completely wrong. It may, therefore, be taken that about seven out of eight were more or less successful. The greatest number of absolutely successful predictions came off in the North-east of England. There seemed to be two reasons for this. It is one of the driest parts of the country, and secondly, depressions in the atmosphere approaching the western coasts take a very constant direction to the north-eastward across or immediately to the north of Scotland, and thus the circular movement southward to the north-eastern districts of England are comparatively easily foretold, although the true law governing the motions of these cyclonic storm-centres has yet to be discovered.

SUICIDE AND SELF MURDER.

Is there now any Legal Difference between "Suicide" and "Felo-de-se"? (1899.)

Suicide is an act; felo-de-se a crime. We might say that the difference is much the same as between the words homicide and murder. Homicide implies that a man has been killed, but the act may have been justified by the circumstances; murder implies guilt. In the same way, a verdict of suicide is usually modified by some such phrase as "during temporary insanity," which may, nowadays, be taken as a formula invented to save the unfortunate person's reputation, and soften the blow to his relatives. Of course, it is often really applicable, but, as a rule, it is not. Most modern suicides are deliberate. The verdict of felo-de-se is still occasionally returned, and indicates that, in the jury's opinion, the self-murderer acted deliberately when in full possession of his senses, having come to the conclusion that death was preferable to something else which lay before him—detection of crime or severe suffering. The verdict of felo-de-se is also applicable when a person dies in consequence of any felonious act, though that result might not have been intended, as the bursting of a gun in the hands of an intending murderer.

"GOOD MEN AND TRUE."

Has an English Jury ever been Fined for not Finding a Verdict in Accordance with the Wishes of the Government? (1898.)

This was not uncommon under the Tudor princes, who frequently used the Star Chamber or Privy Council to intimidate jurors who were more honest than courtly in their verdicts. The acquittal of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, in the second year of Mary, so chagrined her that she was "ill for three days." The jurors were, in the meantime, committed to prison. Four made a submission and were released; the rest were fined, some, two thousand pounds, and others a thousand marks. Sir Thomas Smith mentions a case under Elizabeth in which for failing to convict a man guilty of treason contrary to the evidence, the jury who acquitted him were not only imprisoned but heavily fined. The last fine of the kind was imposed on the jury which, in 1670, acquitted the Quakers Penn and Mead. They twice refused to amend their verdict, though twice locked up without fire or food by the Recorder Jeffreys—afterwards the notorious Judge Jeffreys. For this they were fined forty marks each, and one of them, Bushell, was committed for refusing to pay. On appeal he was discharged by Chief Justice Vaughan, who ruled that the practice of fining jurors in such cases was clearly against law!

PEN NAMES.

Have any Male Writers Adopted Feminine Names de Plume? (1891.)

Although there are not so many instances of this as of the reverse practice, there are still some very well-known ones. Thus, for instance, Theodore Hook's first pen name was "Mrs. Ramsbottom." Swinburne wrote in the *TATLER* as "Mrs. Horace Manners." Horace Mayhew called himself "Mrs. Susan Crick," and at least one famous French writer, Alphonse Daudet, wrote under a feminine name as "Marie Gaston." It is, perhaps, doubtful whether Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who first wrote over the name of "Bab," intended it as the diminutive of Barbara; if so, this would be a case in point. The original "Mrs. Partington" was a humourist named B. P. Shillaber, and every reader of the last generation knew that the famous Mrs. Brown wrote under another name as Arthur Sketchley, although not many knew that his real name was the Rev. George Rose. Other examples might be quoted, but they are quite minor writers, with the exception of "Kate Phusin," which was the early pen name of no less a person than John Ruskin.

PEERAGE ROMANCES.

Which was the Most Romantic Marriage in the Annals of British Aristocracy? (1892.)

There are two examples of such unions between which it would be very difficult to decide. One was that of Hugh Smithson, an apothecary's assistant, who, during the reign of George III., became Duke of Northumberland. By a remarkable failure of heirs he succeeded to a baronetcy, and when he entered Society he was recognised as one of the handsomest men in London. He paid unsuccessful court to a lady, and

Lady Percy, the only child of the then Duke of Somerset, expressed surprise at this. He got to hear of it and transferred his addresses to her. He was accepted, and, in spite of her father's opposition, married her. Sir Hugh served in the American War, and was created Duke of Northumberland for his services.

The other instance is the hero of Tennyson's poem, "The Lord of Burleigh." Henry Cecil, heir to the Earl of Exeter, took a fancy for wandering about the country as an artist, and called himself Mr. Jones. He stayed at a farmhouse in Shropshire and fell in love with the farmer's daughter, who bore the unromantic name of Hoggins. They were married on October 3rd, 1791. A little over two years later, the Earl died, and Sarah Hoggins, otherwise Mrs. Jones, became Countess of Exeter. She had no idea of the good fortune in store for her until her husband took her, seated on pillion behind him, to the home of his ancestors, and told her that henceforth she would be mistress of it.

INSECT ATOMS.

Which is the Smallest Known Insect? (1893.)

The smallest known insect belongs to a widely distributed family of beetles (trichopterygidae), in which the wings are fringed with hairs. They are probably found in all parts of the world, and are abundant in the tropics. Some eighty kinds are native to Britain. The minutest of these beetles (nanosella fungi) is only 1-100th of an inch long, while its biggest immediate relative is not more than 1-12th of an inch in length.

One group (mymaridae) of tiny insects related to gall-flies includes a remarkable form (alaptus excisus) possessed of four narrow plume-like wings disposed like the sails of a windmill, and credited for a long time with being only 1-150th of an inch long. Careful re-measurement has proved it to be 1-50th of an inch in length, though some members of the same family are not more than 1-75th of an inch long.

Midges are probably the smallest insects familiar to everybody, but, though only a small fraction of an inch in length, are giants compared to those mentioned above.

THE OLDEST PUNISHMENT.

Which is the Oldest Form of Legal Punishment of which there is a Record? (1895.)

The oldest death sentence extant is found in the Amherst papyri containing the trials of State criminals in Egypt, about 1,800 B.C. The criminal in this case was found guilty of magic, which his judges state "was worthy of death, which he carried out, and he killed himself"—apparently by stabbing, as in the Japanese "hari-kari," which is also of very ancient origin.

Amongst less civilised peoples, drowning would seem to have been the earliest method of legal punishment, for, about 450 B.C., the Britons killed their criminals by throwing them into a quagmire. Of other than capital punishments, the oldest recorded comes from Chaldean where it was enacted, some six thousand years ago, that when anyone maimed a slave, "the hand that thus offended should pay him each day a measure of corn."

"ENSIGNS" AND "COLOURS."

When and why were Military Flags first called Colours? (1897.)

During the time of the Crusades, the early use of "colours" referred to the cognisance or insignia which knights bore on their armour or wore on their dress. Later we find the various words, "standards," "banners," "pennons," "ensigns," "colours," all representing military flags, and having special meanings, which are now to some extent departed from. Ensigns, still used in the Navy, were the originals of what are now called colours, and the change of name took place in the later years of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Thus Sir J. Smyth, in 1590, writes: "Their ensigns they will not call by that name, but by the name of 'colours.'" Barret, in his "Wars," 1598, writes: "We Englishmen do call them (ensigns) of late 'colours,' by reason of the variety of colours they be made of." Nowadays there is a pair of colours for each battalion or regiment: the first, called the "Royal," nearly alike for every regiment, consisting of a crown, with the Union Jack on a blue ground, is the more important; the second, or regimental colour, depends for its tint upon the facings of the uniform, which for English troops are white, for Scotch, yellow, and for Irish, green.

QUESTIONS.

6031. Does the shearing of sheep affect their power of mutual recognition?

6032. In which civilized country is there no native word for art?

6033. Is it probable that animals live happier lives than men?

6034. At what period in England has it been easiest for a man to rise by his own exertions?

6035. Which important country in Europe has proved most deadly to invaders by reason of its climate?

6036. What strain of blood is possessed in common by all the crowned heads of Europe—the Sultan and the present dynasties of Servia and Montenegro excepted?

6037. Which of the greatest of modern surgical discoveries was most hotly received by the medical profession?

6038. Which foreign statesman most resembled Cecil Rhodes in his aims and methods?

6039. Which was probably the earliest exact method of keeping time?

6040. Why, as a rule, are the lower parts of sea birds white and the upper part of fishes dark?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of 2s. 6d. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of questions, whether his own or not. Replies should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

A STATISTICIAN gives the number of newspapers in the world at 83,000. About one-sixth of these have the largest circulation on earth.

SHE (after the service): "You dreadful fellow! Why did you smile during the offertory?"

HE: "I couldn't help it. There was Miss Addie Poes singing 'Had I the wings of a dove.' The mental picture of a twelve-stoner trying to fly with a pair of four-inch wings was too much for me."

"ETHELINDA, darling," murmured the enraptured young man, "this is the happiest moment of my life. I came here this evening hoping, yet fearing. I could not put it off any longer. I felt that I must know my fate. The suspense was killing me. But now—I swear it by this lovely head resting so confidently on my shoulder, by the kiss on your sweet lips, I—but what was that clicking noise I heard just then?"

"Nothing, Walter, nothing but papa. He's a lawyer, you know, but he amuses himself with all sorts of queer fads. He's practising on us with his kodak. Go on, Walter, dear. What were you about to swear?"

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General Manager & Secretary



By a Smoke
Smut.

I AM an insignificant looking object enough when reposing on the top of your nose, am I not?

But you won't write me down quite so small when I tell you that myself and my colleagues, if collected and weighed together, would run to the respectable total of 6,000 tons of coal per day, in London alone.

Just think of this when next you hear that the country is suffering from a scarcity of coal. Why, there is a young colliery in the sky alone, which nobody has ever thought of exploiting.

That is to say, nobody has thought of exploiting us for commercial purposes. But there is a society called the National Smoke Abatement Institution which seeks to do away with us altogether. They say we destroy animal and vegetable life, injure the nerves, sight, and general health, lower the moral tone of the people, kill valuable plants, by covering them over with poisonous slime and choking up the pores of leaves, that we decay public buildings and make them hideous, and that our work in destroying works of art, and personal property, including clothes, is perfectly appalling.

So you will see that we carry on a pretty big business amongst you. How big it is I am about to tell you, also where most of us come from.

I RAISE YOUR WASHING BILL.

Smoke costs London somewhere about £5,200,000 per annum in hard cash. How much it costs in moral and physical injury to the human race cannot be estimated. The people we benefit most are those engaged in the washing industries, including the soapmakers. Out of a London population of 4,000,000, it is estimated that no less than £2,000,000, is spent on washing of various kinds, traceable to the influence of myself and friends, in fact, 10s. per head of the population. I cost you that sum annually for washing caused, not by ordinary needs, but by myself. Of course you would have to wash yourselves and your possessions in any case, but through the London smoke smut, you are called upon to spend £2,000,000 extra in doing so.

For soiled linen, dresses, curtains, blinds, and other fabrics which you have to be continually washing on account of smuts, you are involved in an annual outlay of £1,000,000, while for the wear and tear of these articles caused by their constant cleansing, you shell out another £150,000.

For sweeping your chimneys on account of me, you spend £50,000 per annum, while for the window cleaning of your own house, and public buildings, you spend a similar sum.

For extra lighting, including gas and electric light, I run you into an expenditure of not less than £110,000 a year. Of course, the lighting companies have every reason to bless me, particularly when we are numerous enough to be designated a fog. A London fog, as you know, is a sort of gigantic gathering of the smut clans, which, through the prevalence of a certain kind of wind, is circulated over your cities. Half the smoke of a fog is caused by private chimneys, the other half by factories.

THE LIGHTING COMPANIES LIKE ME.

When a fog comes on, you burn about sixty per cent. more light than on an ordinary day, which, of course, swells the dividends of lighting companies, who love fog. If you see a very happy looking man in the railway carriage during the next big fog, be sure he is interested in electric lighting shares. A good foggy year is balm to his soul, as the public consume an average of sixty per cent. per day more light than under normal conditions. Lighting companies, in fact, positively fight for fog. If a fog occurs in the business part of London on an ordinary week-day things are booming for the company.

If the fog is a November one, it does not so much matter, as a November day is dark enough in any case not to be made much worse by a fog. But should one take place in March or April, when the days are considerably lengthened, then things are indeed good, as the length of time in which extra light is used is greater than in the previous months. A fog on Saturday afternoon, or Sunday, is, of course, not such good business for the companies, owing to the general closing of business premises.

In hard cash I cost you £340,000 for damage to paint and decorations, repair to brickwork of buildings, but the real damage I cause to the public is in the destruction of their health and even morals. I'm a perfect demon at disease.

I think I can put down the figure I run you into, for doctors' bills, loss of work, and mortality, at something like £320,000. How do I do it? Well, you know that anything that lowers the vitality of your body is an influence for disease. What lowers your vitality more than dust, smoke, grime, and darkness? Not much. Therefore, I am a very important factor in keeping you ill. By shutting off the sun from you, preventing your

breathing of pure air, injury to your eyesight, breathing organs, and nerves, I manage to do a good bit of constitutional undermining in my spare time.

Ill health, of course, means loss of work, as well as doctors' bills. I have often been known to lay people up for months, as a sole result of my pernicious influence on their constitution. Assuming, as is probably the case, I affect one per cent. of a population of 4,000,000 in respect of loss of work, and that loss is estimated at £2 per month, I run the nation into another loss of £960,000 per annum, while if £1 a month is added for additional expense, the amount becomes increased to £1,440,000 a year.

In a great fog the death rate rises greatly. In 1890, a very big year for us, it rose from 27.1 for the week ending January 24th to 48.1 in that ending February 7th, which was the period of the thickest fog. Between January 24th and February 14th, a very foggy time, the increase in mortality was 2,984 over the average, while, if we take the proportion of deaths in connection with illness, we get an estimate of 30,000 cases of sickness during that period, the victims being sufferers from fog and cold.

It is the smoky element of these fogs that accounts for the trouble, not the fog itself. That does not do so much harm, as the mortality is little affected by an ordinary country mist. It is when combined with smoke that the injury assumes such large proportions. As to my effect on morals? Well, you feel a bit down on a black foggy day, don't you? You don't work with the same energy as on a bright frosty day, nor do you take the cheerful view of life common to fine weather. You get dull, dispirited, and miserable, and it won't take very much to drive you to stimulants. Don't you remember how it was De Quincey, as an English opium eater, traced the origin of his ruin to the terrible misery caused by the darkness and desolation of the London streets? How many more have not been driven to vice through the same channel?

I have had a little go at what you pride yourselves in, namely, your works of art, and the flowers in your public parks and gardens. These I destroy by an ingenious habit I have of causing a poisonous grime to accumulate on them, which sooner or later causes destruction.

Has anyone ever said I was good at destroying disease germs? Not much. I positively dote on them, and act as a sort of carrying agency for taking them about. Smoke holds microbes and does not let them freely circulate as in the air, so that when a fog comes over a city, it brings with it all sorts of germs that the smoke has stored up and accordingly disease is spread rapidly through our excellent carrying system.

A Little Mistake.

"You say that I am fickle,
You call me false," she wrote,
"So I return your letters
By the bearer of this note;
With all the pretty presents
You lavished at my feet,
And the lock of hair you gave me
When love was new and sweet."

About the packet fingered
The subtle fragrance yet
That clung to all her lace,
The scent of mignonette.
It brought her dainty presence
And winking ways so near,
His heart began to soften,
He brushed away a tear.

"I might have been mistaken,
She may be true," he sighed
Above the scrap of tissue
With narrow ribbon tied.
"How fondly she has treasured
My raven tress," he said
And dropped the folded paper—
The lock of hair was red!

"THAT'S an Al dog of yours," said a bystander.
"I thought he was a K9," said the owner.

SHE: "Oh, yes, I quite believe there's a fool in every family. Don't you?"
HE: "Well—er, my opinion's rather biased. You see, I'm the only member of our family."

A LITTLE Portsmouth boy had committed some misdemeanour, for which he was about to receive punishment at the hands of his mother. The boy begged to be first allowed to go to his room. Permission was granted, and the child went upstairs to his own room and closed the door behind him. The mother followed and listened outside, after telling him he must hurry down again to receive punishment. The boy went to the side of the bed, knelt down, and this was his prayer:

"Dear Lord, if you love little boys, and want to help this one out, now is your time."
The prayer was answered.

GOVERNMENT BY NEWSPAPER.

When Journalists Make Laws.

THERE has just died a veteran journalist whose unwearied efforts were mainly instrumental in breaking up as loathsome a tyranny as ever disgraced English soil. For years Sheffield groaned under a reign of terror. For a workman or an employer to offend the trades unions of the cutlery town was to draw down on him a swift and terrible vengeance.

The unions—notably, the Saw-Grinders' Union—had their secret emissaries, and to these bravoes fixed sums were paid. For the murder or maiming for life of a marked man, the price varied from £3 to £30. Of one man it was enough that he held aloof from the trades unions, when "it was felt he ought to contribute." Ten pounds was paid for throwing a tin of gunpowder down his chimney.

Employers found their driving-bands cut, or bodily removed, so that the works stood idle till they could be replaced. So secretly were the outrages committed that the police were powerless. If they arrested men no convictions could be obtained, as witnesses were completely terrorised by the all-powerful unions. So men went on being stabbed, beaten, shot, and blown up, till a courageous journalist began calling public attention to the tyranny in his paper, the SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH.

Week in and week out, he went on writing scathing "leaders," undaunted by the horrible threats which poured in on him. Anonymous scrawls, threatening him with vengeance swift and dire, he flung in the waste-paper basket, and bought a couple of revolvers. Single-handed this brave man went on fighting the unions, till at last Government woke up, and a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the outrages.

A flood of light was thus poured on the secret tyranny of the trades, and the assassins found their occupation gone. The principal murder-monger—a wretch called Broadhead—went to America, where he died. Charles Reade, in his splendid novel, "Put Yourself in His Place," gives a vivid picture of Sheffield under the reign of terror. Sheffield is called "Hillsborough," and Broadhead figures in the book under the name of "Groat."

A sensation was caused in 1884 by the brilliant series of articles in the PALL MALL GAZETTE called "The Truth about the Navy." These articles woke up the public to a sense of the alarming deficiencies in our Fleet. It was conclusively shown that while Britain had nought to fear from a single Power, a combination even of moderate strength could out-match us. France, the writer pointed out, was going ahead with a shipbuilding programme which might prove a serious menace.

For instance, we had but twenty-four first-class torpedo boats to fifty under the tricolour; some of our ports could be destroyed in a few hours, and half our coaling stations were at the mercy of one solitary warship. Several Members of Parliament took up this vital matter, notably, the late Mr. W. H. Smith.

When Parliament assembled for the autumn session, the result of the revelations was soon made manifest. The Government came out with a new naval programme, including the building of thirty torpedo boats, and these assurances somewhat allayed the panic that had been created by the articles of the PALL MALL's able contributor.

Again, the vigorous letters of Mr. Power, THE TIMES' correspondent in Khartoum, the first of which appeared in that paper on September 29th, 1884, opened people's eyes to the extreme peril of Gordon and his garrison. Mr. Power wrote on July 30th: "We have now been five months closely besieged, and can at best hold out but two months longer. Everything has gone up about 3,000 per cent. in price. . . . Since the dispatch, which arrived the day before yesterday, all hope of relief by our Government is at an end, so that when our provisions are eaten we must fall; nor is there any chance, with the soldiers we have, and the great crowd of women and children, of our being able to cut our way through the Arabs. We have not steamers for all, and it is only from the steamers that we can meet the rebels."

It was not until these communications from the correspondent appeared that the full significance of the position was realised. Public opinion demanded with no uncertain voice a relief expedition; and, at last, Ministers were induced to move. The rest of the sad story is too well known to need recapitulation here.

"The Thunderer" also did good service during the Crimean War. Its brilliant correspondent Mr. (afterwards Sir) W. H. Russell, sent home graphic reports of the appalling state of things which existed in the Crimea after Inkerman. A storm of feeling arose, and, in a great hurry, Parliament was summoned. The whole of the war was discussed, and, after a short session, lasting from December 12th to the 23rd, the Houses again adjourned. During the recess the storm gained in fury, THE TIMES redoubled its attacks (and earned the title of "the ruffianly TIMES" from one of the assailed ministers), and it soon became evident that the Government was doomed. Sure enough, in January 26th, 1855, a hostile motion was carried by 305 to 145, and Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues were driven from office—thanks, in a great measure to the pen of THE TIMES' correspondent in the Crimea.

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE! A huge prize for a simple task. Particulars later.



A set of Table Tennis will be given every week to the reader of this page. Mark your envelopes "Ping-Pong."

Animals' Toilets.

Cats make the most careful toilet of any animals, excepting some of the opossums. Lions and tigers wash themselves like the cat,

wetting the dark, india-rubber-like ball of the forefoot and the inner toe and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus a face sponge and brush and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body.

A One-inch Dictionary.

A curiosity in the shape of a photographically-reproduced miniature book has been issued by a Birmingham manufacturer. The book, which is a dictionary, is only 1 1/4 in. by 1 1/4 in. in size, but is so clearly printed that with the aid of the lens provided every word is legible.

Frogs' Eggs for the Complexion.

Two young girls of Berlin found their eyesight failing, and their parents sent them to a doctor, where they had to undergo a cure lasting for some weeks. Questioned by their parents as to what they had been doing to bring their eyes to such a condition, the girls confessed that they had washed their faces in water mixed with frogs' eggs in order to secure a delicate complexion!

The "Penny Sit-up."

The cheapest lodgings in London are the "Penny Sit-ups" at Blackfriars, for men only, one of the most remarkable features of the homeless side of the great city. The beds are in a large shed, and consist of rows upon rows of backed forms, on which at night can be seen sleeping men bent forward on their seats with their heads resting on their folded arms, which are in turn supported by the backs of the forms in front of them.

Insuring Prince Henry.

Prince Henry of Prussia while in America was the recipient of many amusing gifts from persons entirely unknown to him, but it remained for a Philadelphia woman to carry off the palm in this respect. She canvasses for an accident insurance company, and so she sent to the Prince, with her compliments, an accident policy for 3,000 dollars (\$3000), covering the period of his sojourn in that country. She is much enghrined because she received no acknowledgment from the distinguished visitor.

Detention of Untried Prisoners.

The latest volume of criminal statistics shows that a grave defect in the administration of the criminal law has grown somewhat less serious. During 1900, 390 prisoners tried at assizes were detained in prison over eight weeks before they were brought to trial. In the preceding year no fewer than 576 accused persons were kept in gaol for the same period before they were brought before a jury. This improvement is, perhaps, attributable to the operation of the Bail Act, 1898, under which magistrates may dispense with sureties where they think the ends of justice will not be defeated by granting bail on such terms.

Silenced.

She was fresh from college, and had joined the excursion party with a view to combining instruction with pleasure. She had rendered the driver thoroughly uncomfortable by throwing botanical and geological information at his head, and he had about reached the determination to frighten her with stories of highwaymen till she should get inside the coach, when some gnarled and twisted oak attracted her attention. "Do you know how old those trees are?" she asked, and was preparing to launch a whole row of figures at him, when he surprised her by answering very promptly: "Yes, miss." "How old are they?" "Three thousand and six years." "How do you arrive at such accurate results?" "Well, a smart young woman, just like yourself, miss, what knows all about it, told me they were three thousand years old, an' that was six years ago, so they must be three thousand and six now, goin' on three thousand an' seven."

Nicknackitorian.

London shopkeepers' slang is a dialect in itself, and one that is always changing. What, then, is a "nicknackitorian"? We know not the word to-day; but, looking recently through some old law cases, dating about a hundred years back, it was found that it applied in all good faith to describe a plaintiff in the Sheriff's Court. On further search it turned out to be a piece of forgotten Cockney slang for a dealer in bric-a-brac. The evidence showed that this plaintiff kept a sort of old curiosity shop, in which he dispensed "mummies, poisoned arrows, the head of King Arthur's spear, and a genuine manuscript of the first play acted by Theopis and his company in a waggon!" The defendant, a woman, had actually bought and paid for some of these rarities, but she died after having commissioned the embalming of an orang-outang, to add to her collection, and for this her executors refused to pay. Counsel for the defence poured contempt on the mummy of the orang-outang, and called it a "stuffed monkey." But the "nicknackitorian" won his case. His profession was more taking than his name.

The Sandwich.

How many persons who daily eat sandwiches are aware that it is to an ancestor of the Earl of Sandwich that that popular form of food owes its name? The story runs that the earl in question was very fond of playing cards, and in order to prevent having to stop to eat he used to have a slice of meat put between two slices of bread and eat these as he played. This got to be called a "sandwich," but gradually the inverted commas were dropped as the word became an accepted one in the language. The present Earl became colonel of the Grenadier Guards in 1881. He was once military secretary at Gibraltar, and has been attached to special embassies to various capitals of Europe.

A Substitute for Nails.

A rule exists at Sedburgh School against the driving of nails into the walls; but there are so many there already that a few more hardly seem to matter. One boy with an artistic eye put up a great wooden shelf all along one wall, covered it with Oriental drapery, and piled it with china. This caused his house master misgivings, and he asked if nails had been used; but he felt reassured when the perpetrator replied: "No, sir; only stamp-paper!"

A Font as a Flower-Pot.

The story of a curious discovery was told in the Consistory Court recently, when the Rev. D. W. Duthie, rector of Caistor-on-Sea, Norfolk, applied for a faculty to remove a small font from the parish church in order to replace it by a large and ancient font which had been found in a cottager's garden at Eye. A local clergyman discovered the font, which had been used for many years as a huge flower-pot. Nobody knew where it came from. It is apparently of the sixteenth century, and is decorated in the Gothic style, being in admirable preservation. Mr. Duthie purchased the font for £5. The Chancellor ordered that the citation be issued.

Not Much Difference.

There is a major in a certain regiment who has a great contempt for incapacity of any kind, and is somewhat impatient into the bargain. Some time ago he was in charge of a detachment of men guarding lines of communication, and a sergeant complained that he could get no man to undertake the duty of barber to the company. "Is there no gardener in the company?" asked the major testily. "I seem to remember one. Send him to me." The man was duly sent, but on receiving orders to act as barber ventured to expostulate. "Great Heavens!" yelled the major, "if you can cut grass you can cut hair. Go and do it." The man went, but what the others said is unprintable.

800,000 Tons of Snails.

Paris consumed last winter 800,000 tons of snails. With Burgundy, the two departments of Savoy are the greatest suppliers. From these sections, where they are bought at the rate of seven to eight shillings a thousand, these savoury molluscs are at first sent to Auxerre in order to be resold at Paris as coming from the vineyards of Dijon and Macon. Some intelligent speculators have a certain manner of raising snails. They huddle them together in pens built of smooth planks coated with tar, in order that the mollusc may not be able to climb the length of the wall. In the olden times, at Rome, there were raisers of snails who used degrees of refinement of which the tradition is lost.

No Need for a Doctor.

A good story is told by Dr. Pennell, of the Church Missionary Society's hospital at Benuu, on the north-west frontier of India. Amongst the in-patients was one Waziri, an Afghan hill tribesman, who had been admitted suffering from a gunshot wound in the chest. After being at death's door he got convalescent, and when the time for his discharge drew near he begged very hard for a few cartridges. On questioning him what he intended to do with them it was found that they were intended for his uncle, to whom he was indebted for his wound. Dr. Pennell remarked that he supposed that he should shortly have the uncle to treat. "No fear of that," came the reply; "I am a better shot than he."

French Electioneering Up to Date.

The French tradesman is nothing if not ingenious. A worthy grocer of Havre, having heard of the success of the pictorial post-card as an election-agent in France, is now trying to improve the idea, and is circularising the members of the Anti-Clerical Party with the following printed offer: "Each person who buys of me a hamper containing 2lb. of coffee and 1lb. of tea (both of superior quality) for the sum of eight francs (which is less than the usual cost) will receive eight francs' worth of pamphlets, books, and cartoons, which he can distribute or cause to be distributed, or which he can keep for his own library. The idea is simple; it is the history of the egg of Columbus. From this day forth each one of you, enjoying his cup of coffee or tea, can say to himself that he contributes without emptying his purse towards the diffusion of anti-clerical ideas."

Stopping the Borrowers.

Cigarette-smokers are notorious for borrowing cigarettes from each other, but a man never likes to take the last one from another's box. In a certain office one of the clerks went in for smoking rather expensive cigarettes, and consequently he was always pestered by his fellow-workers for the loan of a cigarette, which, by-the-bye, was never repaid. Recently it has been noticed that when asked he has produced a box and tossed it carelessly over to the other fellow. The borrower would open it, see only one cigarette, and hand back the box, saying: "Oh, I won't smoke your last one." This went on for some time, all the clerks wondering how it was he could make one cigarette last so long, until he was caught transferring one cigarette from a full box into an empty one which he produced when asked for a smoke. In this way he always managed to keep a box with one cigarette in it.

A Moving Statue.

It has been suggested in Germany that a travelling statue of De Wet should be erected, on an imitation pedestal. This could be moved from town to town, and would raise great enthusiasm on behalf of the Boers, and corresponding demonstrations against the British, wherever it went. A sculptor, of course, generally tries to portray the characteristics of his model as faithfully as possible. In this case, even De Wet's mobility is not passed over.

Registered as a Boy.

A young woman in Paris who recently became engaged to be married applied for her official papers, and discovered to her horror that a mistake as to her sex had been made, and she had been put down on the register as a boy. She also discovered that the police, believing her to be a boy, had a warrant for her arrest for not presenting herself for military service. She will now have to prove her identity, and it will take about six months to rectify matters. In the meantime the marriage has had to be postponed indefinitely.

Efficiency of Locomotives.

An ingenious device has been invented to increase the power of locomotives. It consists of powerful magnets attached to the framework of the engine, so that when the current is turned on they attract the steel rails. This has the same effect that placing a weight of 2,000lbs. or 3,000lbs. over each driving wheel would have. Experienced railway men say that the increased adhesion of the wheels to the track will enable a locomotive to draw from three to five loaded cars more than is now possible. It will also allow the use of lighter engines, which will reduce the wear on a road-bed.

The Sparrow Men.

One of the most curious sights of Hyde Park is the sparrow-man, or rather the sparrow-men, for there are several. These good people may be said to be professional feeders of sparrows. They come with bread; the sparrows know them, and hover round in clouds with loud twitterings. The birds are so used to the men that they fly quite close, will catch pieces of bread tossed at arm's length in the air, while the bolder ones will flutter down and take bread from the feeder's hand. Others swarm on the ground to snap up what is missed by the fliers, and there are always one or two big wood pigeons bowing about and hustling the sparrows.

Uses Only "One-Sentence" Words.

Professor McGee, of the bureau of ethnology, it is said, owns and uses the largest and the most complicated vocabulary in Washington, U.S.A. A colleague, in speaking of one of the professor's recent essays, said it is written in "words of one sentence." The most recent achievement of the bureau under Professor McGee is the invention of a new name for the American Indian. The redmen are now known as "Amerinds." There are many kinds of Indians in the world, and the bureau has long felt the need of a distinctive name for the American kind. The problem has been solved by combining the first syllables of American and Indian.

A Pushing River.

The river Tarn, into which a village with 275 inhabitants is reported to be aliding, is one of the most interesting of the waterways of France. It has carved itself a path in the great limestone plateau of the Cevennes, with the result that it reproduces in miniature the cañons and other features of the famous Colorado river in the United States. There are rapids in these cañons which can be shot with sensations which are said to be thrilling by those who have experienced them. The excursion is one not often made, and, indeed, very little known by English tourists, but there is an admirable description of it in one of Mrs. Betham-Edwards' books of travel. One can imagine the floods that will follow if the landslip should cause a temporary block in one of these cañons.

Do Fingers or Fists Pay Better?

Which are the more powerful and greater money-getters, fingers or fists? There is no need of discussing the subject abstractedly. There are examples at hand in the persons of those youthful celebrities, Jan Kubelik, the pianist, and "Young Corbett," the pugilist. Both are, so to speak, the light-weight champions in their respective professions. It is, therefore, perfectly fair to compare them. In the comparison music dwindles as a money-getter sadly, when compared on the minute plan, beside the greater glory of the science of fisticuffs. For whereas Kubelik, who is twenty-two years old, by playing the piano for twenty minutes can receive £200, "Young Corbett," who is the same age, receives £1,200 for playing five minutes. In one case the virtuoso's reward is £10 a minute. In the other it is £240 a minute.

Expensive "Tidying-Up."

An awkward instance of a woman's proclivity for "tidying up" is reported from a country railway station in the North of England. The station-master was counting up his receipts in his office when a train came in. Hastily bundling the money, with some bank notes, into a piece of brown paper, he put it to one side and went to attend to the train. In the meantime his wife went into the office, and noticing the crumpled-up brown paper apparently thrown aside, she threw it into the fire, unaware of its contents. The bank notes were destroyed, and some of the sovereigns were much damaged and defaced. They were taken to a goldsmith, who is now endeavouring to restore them. The Bank of England, it appears, is willing to replace the bank notes, on the usual indemnity being given, but not until the lapse of ten years.

Let Her Sleep.

Some years ago a Swansea vessel was caught in a terrible gale. The captain had his wife on board, and when the wind was still rising he told her to go down below and sleep, for all was well. He remained on the bridge till the mate came up and said, "We've done all we can. Hadn't you better tell the chaps to get out the boats." "Yes, yes, my lad, if you think so," said the captain, who knew the only choice left was whether to go down with the ship or in a small boat, which couldn't live ten seconds in that sea. The engineers came up with the news that the fires were all out. "Very well, my lads," said the captain quietly, "save yourselves if you can." "Won't you fetch the wife on deck, sir?" asked one of the men. "No," was the calm reply, "let her sleep, poor old girl. I am going down to have a smoke." And, smoking by the bedside of his sleeping wife, he went down with the ship.



Piece-Meal Robberies.

Houses and Ironclads Looted while you Wait.

Is the Jersey (Channel Islands) EVENING POST there appeared the other day a somewhat curious advertisement, offering a reward of ten pounds for the discovery of the person or persons responsible for "stealing and carrying away, about the end of October, or the beginning of November last, every stone of a granite-built house, with two gables and two sexagon tall chimneys, which till then had stood in perfect condition on the property adjoining the Grenville Station, on the Corbiere Railway."

This theft, remarkable and audacious as it undoubtedly is, is unfortunately by no means unparalleled. Right here in the heart of police-patrolled and gas-lighted London, a similar robbery was successfully perpetrated some few years back; with this difference, that the property stolen comprised not one house, but two.

The buildings in question were situated in Clapton Square, and were, of course, at the time unoccupied. The thief, a professional criminal, carefully reconnoitred the premises for several days, and then coolly set to work with a gang of confederates, tore them down, and sold the materials. During the time they were busy at the job the thieves frequently conversed with the policemen on the beat, remarking how hard the work was, and how exceedingly glad they would be when the job was finished.

TWO HOUSES TAKEN AWAY.

The astonishment and rage of the owner, when one day he came to look over his property, and found only empty space where had stood, a few short weeks before, two spruce and substantial dwelling-houses, may be imagined. Scotland Yard was, of course, immediately notified. But so cleverly had the plans of the criminals been laid, and so cunningly had they covered their tracks, that for a long time it looked as if they would escape capture altogether. Eventually, however, they were laid by the heels; chiefly, be it said, owing to the efforts of Detective-sergeant Nursey, who retired last April on a well-deserved pension.

Many readers of these lines will be able to recall the trial at the Old Bailey of an American adventurer known as "Gold-dust Teddy," charged with having attempted to defraud a well-known West-end jeweller out of forty thousand sovereigns by pretending to have discovered the secret of the "philosopher's stone."

This remarkable criminal gained his curious nickname owing to a successful robbery perpetrated by him some twenty years ago in Colorado—a robbery which is absolutely unique in the annals of crime. At that time Teddy was a card-sharper, and his principal rendezvous was Silver City. Thither came one day in late autumn a couple of English prospectors, who brought the news that they had found a big "pocket" of unusually high-grade ore, at a spot high up in the mountains. They had already mined and stacked some tons of rich gold-bearing quartz, and next spring, when the snow had melted and the trails were again passable, they intended returning and clearing up their find.

STEALING A GOLD MINE.

This story set Teddy thinking, and the result of his cogitations was that a few days later he set out alone for the place near the summit of the range where the Englishmen's claim was situated. On his way there he engaged seven Mexican labourers, promising them the unusually high wages of five dollars a day.

This was to induce them to put forth their best efforts, and also to recompense them for the danger and privation they would have to undergo by working during mid-winter at an elevation of some thirteen thousand feet above the sea. For, as the reader may have guessed, this clever scoundrel had conceived the idea of stealing and carrying off the whole of the gold from the mine in question.

And he succeeded in his plan, although at infinite pains and risk. For ten days he and his assistants did nothing but carry provisions to the scene of operations. Then the continually accumulating snow made the trail impassable, and they commenced mining. To get the ore down to the valley was, Teddy well knew, impossible until the spring, and then he would be discovered; so he contrived a rough crushing mill, and washed away the debris by a system of sluices which he had built along the side of the mountain.

Of course, the operation was necessarily crude, and doubtless a considerable quantity of the precious metal was lost in the process of extraction. Nevertheless, after three months of incessant toil, Teddy found himself in possession of over a thousand ounces of gold dust, while the "pocket" gaped empty before him.

It was, of course, in the same condition when the rightful owners came to resume operations upon it later on: and at first they could hardly believe their eyes, for although claim-jumping was common enough in Colorado at that time, such a thing as stealing a gold-

mine and carrying its contents surreptitiously away had never before been heard of. A few inquiries, however, sufficed to reveal the whole plot, and then the partners set out to look for the man who was henceforward to be known as "Gold-dust Teddy," with the openly-avowed intention of shooting him on sight. But they never caught him.

The story of how some thirteen thousand cannon-balls were stolen, almost literally one by one, from out the fortress of Gibraltar, is told to this day round many a guard-room fire. It was during the stormy times of the first Carlist War, when Spain, from the Pyrenees to Cape Trafalgar, was seething with revolution, that the incident in question happened.

The cannon-balls, mostly thirty-six pounders, had been stored in the galleries excavated out of the perpendicular precipice facing the "Neutral ground," and which is known as the North Front. The single iron-studded door giving access to these galleries was then, as now, locked at evening gunfire, and as no one, save officers and artillerymen on duty, was admitted at any time, it was not considered necessary to post a sentry therein at night.

By some channel or another this information was conveyed to the ears of Carlist agents resident in Linea, the Spanish town which faces Gibraltar on the opposite side of the Neutral Ground, and by them the robbery was conceived and carried out. Through the connivance, doubtless, of someone inside the fortress, one of the conspirators was smuggled into the galleries during the day, and left behind at closing time. He was provided with a thousand feet of new rope, one end of which he lowered through one of the casements to his confederates in waiting below. A block-and-pulley was then rigged, and the cannon-balls let down by means of a skid in lots of six or eight at a time, the work being carried on during the hours of darkness and suspended during the day.

HOW 13,000 CANNON BALLS WERE "PINCHED."

Some three hundred yards from the bottom of the cliff there was a guard-house, occupied by three men in charge of a corporal; but these, so they afterwards swore, neither saw nor heard anything suspicious during the whole fortnight that the operations lasted.

The stolen shot was conveyed across the bay to Spain each morning by boat just before daybreak, and, on one occasion, this boat was actually seized by the non-commissioned officer in charge of the New North Front guard. He allowed it to proceed, however, without searching it, on the assurance that it contained only smuggled tobacco, it being no part of our soldiers' duties to act as Excise officers for the Spanish authorities.

Such are the main facts of the story as generally retailed, and they are doubtless fairly accurate, so far as they go. It was openly hinted at the time, however, that thirteen thousand cannon-balls, weighing altogether more than two hundred tons, could not have been lowered nearly a thousand feet down the face of a perpendicular cliff, and afterwards carried away, almost within view of two guard-houses, without a good many people having some sort of an idea of what was going on. Very likely! Tommy on sentry on the North Front is not uncorruptible even now, when he gets, or is supposed to get, a shilling a day; how much less in the sixties, when his daily income was represented by one-twelfth of that sum.

STRIPPING AN IRONCLAD.

Perhaps, however, the most audacious piecemeal robbery on record was that effected by some Peruvian irregulars during the war with Chili, in the summer of 1879. For fear of the *Huascar*, which was cruising along the Chilean seaboard, and which for power and weight of metal was infinitely superior to anything the latter nation had then afloat, the Chilean man-of-war *Pareja* was temporarily hidden away in a creek some fifty miles south of Valparaiso; and, as fighting men were urgently needed elsewhere, her crew was taken off, and she was left in charge of a corporal's guard of marines.

These were overpowered one dark night, and the bodies tumbled overboard; after which the adventurers proceeded to carry away the whole of the internal fittings of the ship. And this apparently impossible task they actually accomplished.

The *Pareja's* guns, her stores and ammunition, twelve hundred stands of small arms, even her machinery and boilers, were lowered into a number of fruit boats which had been chartered for the purpose, and safely carried northward into Peruvian waters, where they were afterwards used to outfit another vessel.

And when, some months later—the *Huascar* having, meanwhile, been sunk by the Chilean fleet in the action of October 8th, off Mejillones—the lawful owners of the *Pareja* came to look for her, and bring her out to sea again, they found only the empty shell of a ship, silent and deserted, and without as much portable property aboard as would have sufficed to fill a decent-sized portmanteau.

WICKERS: "I don't know what is the matter with me. My memory is getting so treacherous that I cannot trust it from one week to the next."

VICKERS: "Is that so? I say, can you lend me ten shillings for about thirty days?"

IDEAS SOLD HERE!

Cash that Changes Hands for Brains.

If you find yourself without the needful—and most of us do at times—and if you don't know how to improve your financial position, you ought to sell ideas, if you have any.

It pays. But the difficulty is to find out what sort of ideas are wanted and where there is a market for them. You will probably be surprised to know that an idea is the most marketable thing in the world.

Big advertisers, like the well-known makers of cigarettes, soap, cocoa, and so on, will pay anything from ten shillings to ten pounds for a really smart idea. If you can suggest to them some new, and, at the same time practical, way of advertising their wares, they will be only too happy to pay you well for doing so. If you can suggest some smart idea for a picture to those who employ cartoon advertisements, the money is as good as yours.

You can frequently make a bit by furnishing some of your local tradespeople with a smart idea for increasing their business; if you are wise, you will not sell the idea outright, but will ask for a certain percentage of the additional profit your suggestion brings to the tradesman. If your idea is good, you will find this by far the most profitable way. But one thing must not be forgotten. If you agree to the system of remuneration recommended above, be sure to have a written contract made out with the man you are dealing with; for there are many unscrupulous people who would not hesitate to increase their business by using your suggestion, and who would then deny that it had brought them profit, or that they had made any arrangement to share this profit with you. So you are best to be on the safe side.

The more enterprising of magazines and journals are now offering cash for ideas; the editor of *P.W.* pays as much for a suggestion for an article, if the suggestion is good enough to use, as he would for the article itself. So here is a chance of making money out of journalism even for the absolutely illiterate.

The present writer on one occasion made a considerable sum by supplying ideas for sensational incidents to a writer of stories in the weekly journals, stories of the to-be-continued-in-our-next-type. The incidents had to be striking and quite original and were to be of such a nature that a chapter might be spun round about each of them. Supplying incidents of this kind is exceedingly interesting work, though it is also very hard, and it is, to one who can do it well, very remunerative work.

Many theatrical managers will pay you well for good ideas. They are particularly wanted by those music-halls and theatres which like spectacular sensations; and by supplying this class of idea you may get anything from £1 to £10 per idea.

Many illusionists rely on idea-sellers for their new tricks. If you can supply them with something really smart and at the same time absolutely new, they will pay you anything from £5 to £100. The latter figure was recently quoted by an entertainer who advertised in a theatrical paper for fresh illusions. Music-hall singers will often pay you well for a suggestion for a new and catchy song; so keen is professional rivalry among this class that you will sometimes get an immense sum for an idea; each singer is afraid it may fall into the hands of a rival, and so each bids you as high as he or she possibly can; this is all provided your idea is particularly smart.

Designers of Christmas cards are willing to pay for suggestions of anything really "tricky" in their line; but, as a rule, they are themselves too poorly paid to be able to offer you very much for your trouble.

Makers of toys will pay you for a good idea for a taking novelty. Tailors of the best class are always willing to buy an idea for any real improvement for men's clothes; they do not want anything eccentric, but something that will add to the wearer's comfort or save his valuable time.

Ideas as saleable articles have the great advantage of costing the seller absolutely nothing; all he gets is clear profit. To get plenty of smart ideas you must go about as much as possible, and always keep your eyes and ears open. Read fresh and bright literature, be as happy as you can, and the ideas will come of themselves. You will have little difficulty in selling them.

BE AN IDEA HUNTER.

If you are walking in the street in town or country and observe something curious, however insignificant it may seem to you, make a mental note of it. If it is something you cannot understand, so much the better. When you get home jot down your idea on a piece of paper, together with your name and address, and send it to the Editor in an envelope marked "IDEA."

Should you discover in your morning paper a paragraph dealing with a subject on which you would like to see an article written, send it to us in an envelope marked "IDEA."

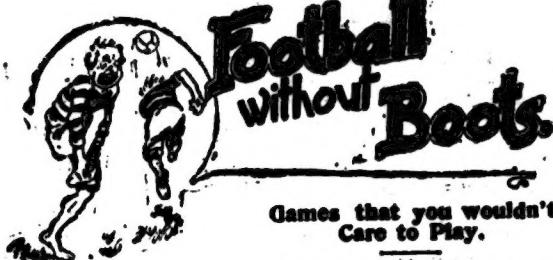
If the idea which you send is considered of sufficient interest to justify our making inquiries and publishing an article on the subject, you will be paid for the article at the rate of

TWO GUINEAS A COLUMN.

You are not required to write the article, only to supply the idea.

If the same idea be sent in by several readers, the money will be paid to the person whose suggestion first reaches us. If a reader forwards a subject for an article we have already by us naturally he cannot expect payment.

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE! A huge prize for a simple task. Particulars later.



Football without Boots.

Games that you wouldn't
Care to Play.

FANCY playing a game of shuttlecock without a battledore, and being forced, by the rules of the game, to supply the deficiency with one's feet. It need hardly be added that this topsy-turvy performance is to be seen in China, that land where they do everything the other way on. Even the Chinese shuttlecock bears little resemblance to ours. It is a flattened ball of cotton cloth weighted with clay, and with a couple of feathers from a pheasant's tail stuck into it. The game is ludicrous to watch, the players hopping frantically on one foot, but, as may be imagined, it is none too easy to become expert at.

The different versions which other nations play of our everyday British games are distinctly curious. In India, elevens of little brown Hindu boys, without enough clothes between them to make a single suit of flannels, may be seen deeply engaged in cricket. Two branches stuck in the ground are wickets, a stick does duty as bat, and a ball is made of feathers and string.

Football is also popular in our East Indian possessions, particularly among the Burmese. "Chino" they call it. The ball is made of wicker, and hollow. The Burmese are not particular as to the numbers in opposing teams. As in the old Big side game at Rugby, there are sometimes so many as 100 players. When the game is called, the players form a complete circle, with the ball in the centre. The ball may not be handled, but is kicked, or headed, or driven from the shoulders or back with wonderful dexterity. The great object is not to allow the ball to touch the ground. A player doing so loses a point to his side.

KICKING WITH BARE TOES.

One thing that would strike the British football enthusiast as odd is that the men play bare-footed. Yet, according to a recent issue of the SINGAPORE FREE PRESS, this does not seem to interfere with their kicking powers. At a recent competition a man, named So Hmyin, won with a kick of 166 feet, 6 inches, while Yung Gli was a good second with 160 feet, 6 inches.

Football has also reached the black-fellow in Australia, but his game, which he calls "marn grook" is a somewhat primitive performance. A ball is made of opossum skin, and filled with twisted hair of the same animal to give it elasticity. Any number play, there are no special goals, and the kicks are mainly punts. Even the African negro has taken to football.

An account appeared recently in a Natal paper of a game of Association played in British East Africa between two elevens of brawny negroes, one captained by an Englishman, the other by an American. The ball was made out of the bladder of a sable antelope, and covered with raw hide. The ground was a dried-up swamp from which the long grass had been burnt off. The heat was considerable, and both teams were enveloped in a cloud of inky dust from the charred grass. There were over four hundred native spectators, and it is said that these were so delighted with the struggle that the white men, who organised the entertainment, have been kept busy ever since making new footballs for eager applicants from distant villages.

WE GOT FOOTBALL FROM CHINA.

The Chinese boast that they were the first to give the world the game of football. But their methods are as different from ours as everything Eastern is from the West. Their players are the biggest men they can find. All are over six feet, and none weigh less than fifteen stone. The game is played in the streets of the town, the goals being the opposite gates, and stealth—not to say rank swindling—often takes the place of brute force. Whichever side gets the first goal wins the game.

Golf, which has made greater strides in the past twenty years than any other game, has spread also in out of the way corners of the earth. The Red Indians of North America have taken to it, and adapted it to their own ideas. They call it "toli," and those who have seen it say that it is a mixture of hockey and hare-and-hounds rather than golf. They play ten a side. One man is chosen to hit off out of the side that wins the toss, and when he has done so, he runs after the ball full speed, while the other side run after him and endeavour to prevent his getting another shot. There is only one hole in the course, and that is a wooden basket fixed on a stick about half a mile from the starting point. Rough play and bad accidents are common in the game of Indian golf.

The negroes in the South of the United States are also mad on golf, which they have learnt from the Northern visitors to the American winter-resorts. The clubs they use are home made, the balls are cut out of wood, and their links are usually unprovided with greens; but they seem to enjoy themselves enormously, and if one can manage to beg, borrow, or steal a pair

of knickerbockers and stockings to adorn his thin shanks, his delight knows no bounds.

In Singapore golf also finds enthusiastic followers. The original course there lies over a Chinese graveyard, around the lunatic asylum and hospital, and finishes up on the lawn of the orphan asylum. It is recorded that the tombs are being slowly hacked to pieces by the wild efforts of players to extricate the balls from the crevices in the bricks.

Hockey and prisoners' base seem curiously mingled in a Korean game called by them "ball-batting." Two lines or bases are drawn with a centre line between them. A ball called "kong" is placed on the dividing line, and then hit off with a stick by a player chosen from one side. The object of each side is to secure goals by driving the "kong" across the opposite line, but by the rules neither party may cross the central dividing line.

That curious form of foot boxing known as La Savate, though popular in France, would hardly meet with approval in a British sporting club. But a Yorkshire wrestler would be still more amazed at sight of a Japanese wrestling match. Japanese wrestlers are, like Chinese football players, enormously heavy men, and before a contest they train on fattening food. The rules are most peculiar, there being forty-eight separate and distinct falls recognised. But the stage is the oddest part of the business. It consists of sixteen rice bales, neither more nor less, piled together; and a wrestler slipping over the edge of this small and insecure platform is promptly disqualified.

SPAIN'S FAST GAME.

Pelota, the national game of Spain, has a curious resemblance to our racquets or fives. It is played in a court sixty-four yards long by forty broad, and with walls at end and sides thirty-four feet high. Instead of a racquet or fives gloves, a sickle-shaped, basket-work gauntlet covers the forearms of each player to the finger tips. The ball is of leather or rubber, and weighs about four ounces. The cement floor of the court is marked off into divisions four yards apart, and the ball must be so served as to rebound between the fourth and seventh space. The play is extremely fast, but a single game will take about an hour and a quarter to play. It seems likely that pelota was evolved, like racquets, from court tennis.

Our sports as well as our games are often curiously changed when adopted by other nations. The United States long ago followed our example in the matter of fox hunting. But not content with horses, New York millionaires must needs follow the hounds on motor cars. Mr. P. F. Collier's hounds, at Newport, generally have a dozen motors in attendance. The Deep Run Hunt Club, of Richmond, Virginia, has gone a step further. Finding foxes not sufficiently exciting quarry, they have taken to man hunting with bloodhounds along the edge of the Dismal Swamp. The hunted men are heavily paid for the risk they run. They take to the nearest tree when the hounds come into sight. A British huntsman would be scandalised at the idea of holding a meet at nightfall. But in South Georgia the fox is almost invariably hunted not by day, but at night, and horsemen gallop recklessly through the woods by pale moonlight.

TEACHER: "Bobby, what does lazy mean?"

Bobby: "Lazy means always to want your little sister to get it for you."

MRS. KEYBOARD (in drawing-room of hotel): "Why do you always sit at the piano? You can't play a note."

Old Stokes: "Neither can anyone else while I'm here."

A Rivulet Man.

A CERTAIN young theologian went down from Oxford to Birmingham to preach. He was one of those extremely flowery talkers who dazzle rhetorically the tender souls of the younger members of the congregation, and the elders of the church were besieged to have him down again.

They at length consented, but, alas! they had forgotten his name. So they wrote to one of the professors, saying:

"Please send us that floweret, streamlet, rivulet, starlight young man to preach for us next Sabbath. We have forgotten his name, but we have no doubt you will be able to recognise him."

He was recognised. He was sent. He is now pastor of the church.

No love is so intense as that of the eighteen-year-old youth for the twenty-six-year-old girl. He gets over it, of course, but while it's in motion it's sixty miles an hour, including stops.

HE: "Before proposing, Miss Lulu, I wish to know if you have anything in the bank."

SHE: "Yes, Mr. Poorman, I have a lover there. He is the cashier, and we are to marry next week."

TOWNS WITH ALIASES.

Hull Isn't Really Hull, nor Salisbury Really
Salisbury.

THERE is no such town in England as Hull. There is a town which is usually called by that name, but that town is a rank deceiver. The name it uses is, it is said to say, an alias. Did London follow in the same dissimulative ways, it would pose to the world as Thames; or perhaps, it would be nearer the mark to say that we should have a town named Tyne, in the place of the familiar Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Third Port would be better named Kingston than Hull. Its proper name is Kingston-on-Hull: such was its name when it was made a free borough in 1290, by the first Edward, and such is the name in which it transacts all formal business to this day. Hull is the name of the river, not of the town which stands on it. In spite of all this the town actually masquerades before the whole world as Hull, and it is very successful in its deception, for only a very small proportion of those who know it are aware of its real name. Even many of its neighbouring people are unaware of its true title.

The greatest deceiver amongst well-known foreign towns, probably, is Florence. This is an alias. Post a letter in Italy addressed to Florence, and it will be sent to America, for delivery in one of the numerous Florences which are to be found in the United States. The proper name of the world-renowned city is Firenze, though, somehow, Florence seems to be a far more suitable name for the beautiful city of palaces.

Salisbury is the well-known alias of another English town. It may come as a shock to many to learn that this ostensibly respectable cathedral city, the capital of Wiltshire is using a name that is not its birthright. New Sarum is its proper name.

Old Sarum was the name of the first city, although now the remains of the old town are about a mile away from the existing city. The removal from Old Sarum to New Sarum took place in 1220. Sarum is its actual name. Salisbury should be called New Sarum by those who are averse to prevarication.

Salisbury naturally reminds one of Hatfield, which again is not the full name of the town, which is commonly so-called. In this case the deception is not so bad, as the town does use part of its name—the latter half. The full name of the Hertfordshire town is Bishops Hatfield.

Windsor is a name of the same kind, as it is not the Royal town's full cognomen. Edward the First gave the town a charter just as he gave Kingston-on-Hull one, but he called the borough New Windsor. To this day the official title is New Windsor.

England has no such town as Portland, though few people may be aware of the fact. The name of the place usually called Portland is Isle of Portland. It is really a rocky peninsula, only four miles and a half long and one and a half wide, and its old inhabitants have many peculiarities which give it distinction, if not the right to pose as a town named Portland.

You might think that counties would be free from the crooked manner of possessing more than one name, but it is not so.

Hampshire is most usually termed Hants. This is excusable, but will it be believed, neither of these names is the official designation of the county. Officially Hants is always known by the name of the County of Southampton.

London-by-the-Sea is a name often given to Brighton. Such well-known cases of towns having two names are quite free from any deception.

Bradford-by-the-Sea is another name for Morecambe, which, by the way, should be known as Poulton-le-Sands; while Wakefield-by-the-Sea is another name for Bridlington, which has yet another name, Burlington. Most sea-side towns have other names of this description.

Pontefract, as often as not, known as Pofret, while it started life as Taddenesscylf. York was originally Eboracum, but York is its proper name now, of course.

"Don't you smell fire?"

"No, I don't think I do."

"I don't either; but most people do if you ask them."

If you think nobody cares for you, just stand up at the theatre. You will be surprised at finding how many people will take an interest in your uprising and downfall.

"Well, Fritz, you got birched in school to-day?"

"Yes, but it didn't hurt."

"But you certainly have been crying?"

"Oh, I wanted to let the teacher have a little pleasure out of it."

"How do you understand the phrase, an 'impressionist picture'?" asked the country cousin of a city cynic as they stood in the art gallery.

"Why, an 'impressionist picture' is one that leaves on your mind the impression that it is the picture of a cow; and the impression lingers until you look at the catalogue, and read that it is a picture of a water spaniel."



Gilbert Malyon.

"As a Man Sows."

POWERFUL
NEW SERIAL.

Beware the woman with ruddy hair,
For her hate is red, and she weaveth a snare
That spellleth woe to Malyon's heir.

Extract from a document in the possession of
the Malyon family.

By the author of
"Fettered Lives."



Luke Riordan.

FOR NEW READERS.

GILBERT MALYON, Sir Royle Malyon's son and heir, has been untrue to Nell Riordan, a cottager's daughter living on his father's estate. An attractive exterior covers a blackguard, and a coward. Luke Riordan, in whose veins flows gipsy blood, is searching for him. "He'll have to come back along with me," he tells Sir Royle, "and marry my sister Nell, else, sure I'll swing for him!" The Malyon estates are entailed. Sir Royle has practically disowned, but cannot disinherit his reprobate son—except with his own consent.

as there's a God above us, I'll swing for him!" The Malyon estates are entailed. Sir Royle has practically disowned, but cannot disinherit his reprobate son—except with his own consent.

Fear of Luke Riordan has so preyed on Gilbert Malyon that he has exiled himself to an obscure sea-side place in Normandy, where he passes under the name of Geoffrey Marsh. His dual identity is known only to Jonas Gride, a money-lending solicitor.

One night, Malyon, cycling in Normandy under his alias, is overtaken by a storm, and seeks shelter at the first house he encounters. In the intense darkness he makes for the nearest point of light, and peers through a chink in the shuttered window. A ghastly sight paralyses him. A man in evening dress lies back in a chair, dead, his shirt-front red with blood. Then a woman, hooded and cloaked, her face invisible to the unseen watcher, glides in and fires the room by dashing the lamp to the ground. Gilbert Malyon reels away from the window, misses his foothold, and falls. As he rises a lightning flash splits the dark. A woman is moving towards him. Only a brief second of light; but her beautiful, cruel face—surrounded by red-gold hair—is printed indelibly on his mind. Then he is stunned by a blow from behind.

Sir Royle Malyon reads an account of a grim mystery, the mystery of La Maison Rouge, near Bonneville, in Normandy. He little dreams that the Geoffrey Marsh who figures in the narrative is his son. It is a complete mystery. Fire has swallowed up all trace of the crime. The murdered man was a Mr. Murthwaite, an eccentric recluse. The investigation is in the hands of Charbonel, a famous French detective, who has practically nothing to go upon but Geoffrey Marsh's description of the woman's face.

Mr. Reuben Grimwood, M.A., one of life's semi-failures, and Sir Royle's secretary, is compiling a history of the Malyons from the family records. He discovers a curious doggerel rhyme, foretelling that a woman with ruddy hair will spell woe to Malyon's heir. He is also interested in certain plate melted down in the reign of Charles I.

A year passes. Nell Riordan has died, and is buried in Rushford churchyard. Sir Royle is on the eve of marriage with a beautiful woman with red-gold hair, a widow he has met abroad. The night before the wedding a deformed dwarf steals into the churchyard and strews flowers on Nell Riordan's grave. Next day the villagers and tenants are waiting outside the church for Sir Royle and his bride. Sir Royle leaves the church, his bride on his arm. Suddenly she pauses, and stares horror-stricken towards the Malyon vault. Carved in the granite are the words—"Murder will out!"

The scene changes to London. Jack Halward, bound for America to sell his rancho in order to realise his capital wherewith to get married, is saying good-bye to Grace Deane, his fiancée. Grace Deane, pretty, lovable, a little vain, a little weak, is returning sorrowfully to Blackley's, the big shop where she is employed, when an attractive, good-looking young man saves her from being run over. It is Gilbert Malyon, who has secretly come to London to raise money. He introduces himself as Geoffrey Marsh. When Halward returns, six months later, Grace has eloped, leaving a letter asking for forgiveness. She has married Gilbert Malyon as Geoffrey Marsh, knowing nothing of his real identity. Halward goes out into the night broken-hearted. He finds himself in a slum. A drunken seaman, armed with a knife, chases a wretched woman out of a public-house. Another woman, splendid-looking and wild, keeps the drunkard at bay. She is Flash Meg, thief and decoy. Halward closes with the man, smashes the knife out of his hand, and stuns him. He is wounded in the arm. Flash Meg binds it up with her scarf.

"You were splendid!" says Halward, a man of pluck and a lover of pluck. "It's you who were splendid!" quitters Flash Meg after he has gone, and then makes her way to a second-hand furniture shop in none too respectable a quarter owned by Bartholomew Boote. Mr. Boote has a visitor who leaves stealthily without being seen by Flash Meg. It is Reuben Grimwood, M.A., Sir Royle's secretary.

A year elapses. Grace Deane, now Grace Marsh, is a mother of a little son. She little dreams that he is a Malyon and next heir after his father to the Malyon estates. She knows her husband's true character now. Lady Malyon is also a mother. She loves her son fiercely. She hates Gilbert Malyon, whom she has never seen, for standing between her child and the succession to the title and estates.

A caravan is drawn up outside Rushford. Its occupant whispers the name of "Grace" in a reverie. Lady Malyon questions her husband about Gilbert. He shows her a photograph. She turns white as death. At that moment the butler enters and whispers to Sir Royle that Gilbert has arrived and is in the library. Sir Royle tells his wife. Her terror increases.

"That face!" she hisses, staring at the photograph after

Sir Royle has left to interview his son. Then she clutches her side. Her own photograph stands on a table in the library.

Lady Malyon steals out into the night. She must find out what is passing in the library. As she nears the windows, a figure, unperceived, creeps away into the shrubbery. She overhears a conversation between Sir Royle and Gilbert. Gilbert has committed forgery. Sir Royle is willing to buy back the forgery, and make him a liberal allowance, if he will consent to the cutting of the entail. But it will be invalid if he, Gilbert, is married and has legitimate issue. Gilbert Malyon denies his wife and child twice. For a moment, thinking of her own child, Lady Malyon forgets the photograph. Then Gilbert moves up the room and sees the photograph. He snatches it over. "In Heaven's name, who's this woman?" Sir Royle answers "My wife!" Gilbert has recognised the photograph. It is the likeness of the woman of La Maison Rouge!

He is on the point of revealing the truth to his father when he remembers that, if he does so, he will betray himself. He will have to make known the fact that he is the Geoffrey Marsh connected with the Bonneville mystery, and Geoffrey Marsh is married and has a son. For the sake of the money his father has offered him, he means to give wife and child the slip. Grace Marsh knows nothing of his real identity. As he drives away to the station he lugs at a ring on the little finger of his left hand; but cannot draw it over the knuckle. It is a thick ring. The two hands that clasp together draw apart, and beneath are two hearts on which are engraved the words "Grace—Geoffrey. Married. Sept. 10th, 1900."

Grace Marsh is living, broken-hearted, at Vilveux, a little village in Normandy. She is visited by Charbonel, the famous French detective, who asks her to ask her husband, when he returns, to send him word whether the woman of La Maison Rouge, when she fired the house by dashing the lamp to the ground, used her right hand or her left.

The occupant of the caravan outside Rushford proves to be Jack Halward. On his way to the village he has given a lift along the road to a gaunt-faced, dusky tramp. It is Luke Riordan. He pays a visit to his sister's grave where he meets Seth Scarfield, a little cripple, who had loved the dead woman; then Riordan steals away to Malyon Hall in hope of gleaning tidings of his sister's betrayer.

It was he who stole away from the library window at Lady Malyon's approach, but not before he recognised Gilbert Malyon, for whom he has hunted for well-nigh two years. He tries to cut off the carriage that carries Gilbert to the station but he is too late! But he does not despair of his revenge. He knows of a short cut, and breaks into a dogged trot.

"God help Gilbert Malyon if he meets Luke Riordan to-night!"

CHAPTER VI.

How Gilbert Malyon Missed His Train.

JACK HALWARD had finished a homely supper, and was again leaning out of the caravan, a short-stemmed pipe, crumbled and blackened about the edge, between his teeth, when the clock in the grey, ivy-mantled turret of Rushford church struck the hour of ten in slow, lazy, mellow notes, that seemed in harmony with the peaceful stillness of the night.

"I must go into the village to-morrow," he said to himself, "and have a look round. My larder wants restocking. I suppose it's one of these quiet, sleepy, old places where things go on, year in, year out, much the same."

He smiled curiously, a little sadly to himself. Had anyone told him, a year ago, that before long he would be "pottering" about England in a caravan, he would have laughed in his face. "G. D. M.," he muttered presently, "care of Mr. Jonas Gride, Dyzart Chambers, Golden Court, Fleet Street." I wonder if Grace ever got that letter of mine. Well!—there was just the slightest tinge of bitterness in his voice now—"it wasn't one that called for an answer."

A carriage, drawn by two horses, flashed past—the carriage bearing Gilbert Malyon to the station.

Halward little dreamt that the man within the carriage, at that moment reviling himself for a blind fool, could have told him the fate of the straight, blunt, manly letter of forgiveness he had written to the girl who had jilted him, a letter that, had it reached Grace Marsh, would have helped to soothe the pains of her conscience; but it had passed from Gilbert Malyon's hands into the fire.

The lights of the carriage were still visible down the road when a faint rustle and a snap as of a twig breaking, coming from the copse that lined the other side of the road, reached Halward. The ex-rancher's sight was as keen as his hearing. The shadows over the way—though the night was starlit—were dark; but he saw the bushes part, a man emerge, then vanish again into the copse. Only a brief glimpse, but Halward felt positive that he had identified the tall, high-shouldered figure.

"By George! My Romany pal of this afternoon," he muttered, referring to the ragged, gaunt-featured man whom he had given a lift on his van. "What's his game? Not up to much good, I'll be bound. On the poach, I dare say, and the keepers and that stupid ass of a village policeman after him! Queer grim fellow that gipsy man. But they're a strange lot. Wonderful how they still keep their characteristics in spite of ever-encroaching civilisation."

He smiled faintly as he recalled a night spent in a gipsy encampment in the Yorkshire Wolds, when he had supped with a so-called gipsy king in his squat tan tent, had listened

to the wild music of gipsy fiddles and watched dark-eyed women dance, had wrestled a friendly bout or two, and had had his fortune told by a dusky-skinned old woman, with a crooning voice, and the gipsy stare in her bead-like eyes. He remembered some of her prophecies, and his smile deepened. He had been crossed in love, she had told him, and there was a fair woman, and a dark woman, and the inevitable stranger was coming from over the seas. He would see blood shed and suffer much. He would make bitter enemies and true friends. But happiness would come to him at last. He would marry, and be blessed with seven children.

Meanwhile, being borne rapidly along towards the station, Gilbert Malyon was still reviling himself for a fool. Jonas Gride knew the secret of his dual identity; Grace knew Jonas Gride's address. He had intended to give them both the slip; but if they came together Gride would learn of his marriage and his child. The bargain struck with Sir Royle depended on the maintenance of the lie that he was without legitimate issue. And, Gride once being in possession of the facts, the truth might come out at any moment.

Should he change his plans and go back, after signing the papers, to Vilveux—to his wife and child?

Outside Vilveux the cliffs were tall and steep. It was a favourite walk of Grace's along the summit. The next moment, he was shivering, agitated at the trend of his thoughts!

Why, in the name of Heaven, had he committed the supreme folly of marriage?

The carriage drew up outside the station, rather a primitive building, lighted with oil-lamps. Gilbert Malyon passed quickly through on to the platform. He had allowed himself none too much time. He could hear the train in the distance. Outside, the carriage swung round and drove away.

Gilbert Malyon cast a quick glance up and down the platform. He was the only person on it. Then a sleepy porter, yawning audibly, appeared, carrying a lantern and jangling some keys. He gave a little start at the sight of Malyon, and approached him.

"I beg pardon, sir, but you ain't expecting to catch the London train?"

"I am!" answered Malyon.

"Then I'm afeared you won't, sir. The train don't stop here now—not unless she's signalled beforehand. The alteration's only just been made—so few folk travelled. And there's no stopping her now. She's in our section, and the line's signalled clear."

As the man spoke, a hoarse, prolonged whistle rang out, and a moment later, with a rush and rattle and roar, the train, shaking the station to its foundations, dashed through, and Gilbert Malyon, an oath on his lips, found himself watching the receding tail-lights.

"The next London train ain't till eleven o'clock in the morning," said the porter consolingly, "but if it's a bed you're wanting for the night, you'll find everything very snug at the Malyon Arms, though it's a matter of two miles. And now, begging your pardon, I'm going to put out the lights and lock up the station."

"A confounded porter told me the last train was ten-fifteen!" rasped out Malyon savagely.

"He was forgetting, then. We all of us make mistakes sometimes, sir!"

Gilbert Malyon passed mechanically out of the station. The porter stared after him; then proceeded to extinguish the lamps. He was a fresh importation, and knew Gilbert Malyon by reputation only.

Outside, Malyon, giving vent to a muttered stream of foul language, stood irresolute. A farm or two and a few cottages were the only buildings in the immediate neighbourhood. The "Malyon Arms" was impossible. They knew him there well, and he had none too much confidence in his disguise. It had served for night time; but daylight was another matter. If he were known to be in the village, not even the fact that he was Sir Royle Malyon's son would prevent unpleasantness. His very name was abhorred. His mind suddenly recalled a spectacle he had once witnessed, the ducking of a man in the village pond.

He started to bite his nails nervously. No, not back to the Hall! Not after what had happened that night!

"The deuce take it!" he whispered savagely, "I can't stick the night out here. There's only one thing to be done. I shall have to tramp it to Wellborough—a ten-mile tramp!"

Wellborough was a town of some importance, with hotels in plenty, and a fast and frequent train-service to London. His disguise had worried him considerably. Once in Wellborough he could dispense with it.

He walked away sharply from the station. Presently he gave a sudden shiver. His imagination had played off on him its old nasty trick of conjuring up a swarthy, gipsy face.

"I wonder where the fellow is?" he muttered as his right hand stole instinctively to the revolver he carried in a pocket. "I wish to Heaven the ten miles were behind instead of in front of me!"

The way to Wellborough lay back along the road he had already traversed, and, though the most direct route was

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE! A huge prize for a simple task. Particulars later.

through the village, it was possible to skirt round. This Gilbert Malyon intended to do.

His only companions along the lonely road—for all the shining stars, very dark in places—were his thoughts, and he would have infinitely rather been without them. They were strange, jumbled thoughts of the wife and child away in France—of the bargain with his father, to consummate which he was ready to sacrifice the rights of his wife and child—of Luke Riordan—of the woman of La Maison Rouge—and of the appalling revelation that had been made to him that night in the library of Malyon Hall. By what process had that beautiful, horrible creature, whom the lightning had revealed to him on that night of murder and arson, been transformed into Lady Malyon? This woman now occupied the place of his own dead mother. For a moment a great sense of horror and repugnance seized him.

It was a curving road; and a man, making a bee-line through wood and copse, could have saved much distance.

The sleepy-eyed, yawning porter, having extinguished the lights on the platform, and the one outside the station entrance, was in the act of locking up the doors, when a man, breathing heavily, hurried up to him.

"Train gone?" he panted out hoarsely.

"Don't stop here now," yawned out the porter, "but it's been gone through nearly quarter of an hour ago. You're the second that's made the mistake. You'd best do as he's doing, get back to the village—though he seemed mighty savage at the thought of the tramp. No train till morning."

It was dusk, and the porter, very sleepy, realised that he was talking to a man, and that was about all.

"Eleven o'clock—"

Then he stopped and blinked. He was addressing the empty air.

The man had vanished.

It was a curving road. A man, making a bee-line, could save much distance. Some quarter of a mile away from where Jack Halward's caravan was drawn up, great trees rose up on either side, their over-arching branches shutting out the light, and casting ghostly shadows. A faint night breeze was blowing through the leaves like a hushed voice whispering some secret as Gilbert Malyon entered the avenue.

It would have been well had some spirit of repentance entered his soul as he hurried on.

"As a man sows," the breeze seemed to be whispering now, "he must reap—reap—reap!"

CHAPTER VII.

"There is a Reaper Whose Name is Death."

"Hullo, here it is back again!" thought Halward as the carriage that he had previously seen flashed past towards the village; "somehow, I don't feel very much like turning in to-night."

He mechanically refilled his pipe. There was an indescribable air of loneliness about the strong-faced, broad-shouldered man as, his pipe lighted, and tightly gripped between his teeth, he was again leaning out of the caravan. He was of far too proud, reserved a nature to have sought the sympathy of relatives or friends. He kept his grief to himself, tried even to hide it from himself. He smiled a little bitterly as he thought of his own relatives, conventional, self-righteous folk. They had always looked upon him as a kind of Ishmael. They had openly expressed their satisfaction that his engagement to that shop-girl from Blackley's had ended as it had done. No good would have come of a marriage of that kind. It was far better that his eyes had been opened before than after marriage. They did not understand him; he, perhaps, did not understand them; but his was the broader mind. He had left them to go their way, and had gone his own.

He stepped out on to the caravan platform, closed the door behind him, and sprang to the ground. Hatless, his hands thrust into his pockets, he sauntered dreamily along the road, stationwards.

"I think," he muttered to himself, "I shall be going out West again, one of these days. This sort of lazy life's very fascinating, and it grows on one; but I don't think it's good for a fellow. One begins to get too much wrapped up in one's self; but before I go I should like to know that Grace's going on all right. It's strange! Poor old Miss Minchin never heard a word from her—after that one letter from Calais. I hope to Heaven things are all right! I wonder what sort of fellow he is? I suppose some think differently; but I can't help thinking the man who steals away another fellow's girl behind his back is a dirty cur"—then he laughed a little bitterly—"but all's fair, they say, in love and war!"

He stopped to knock the ashes out of his pipe. Suddenly, two sharp reports, one hard upon the other, rang out from the darkness ahead.

"My God!" he hissed out. "What's up?"

He sprang forward, no longer a dreamer, but the man of action. He knew a revolver crack when he heard it.

"Help!" it was a scream.

"Help!" this time, a choking gurgle.

Halward was moving like the wind now as, with straining eyes, his elbows braced up to his ribs, he plunged into the dark shadows cast by over-arching trees.

He pulled himself up sharply, only just in time, or he would have fallen over the body of a man outstretched on the road. A moment later he was down on his knees beside.

A match flamed out, revealing Gilbert Malyon's grey face, a look of terror still upon it.

Halward placed his hand over the heart region. He could feel a faint pulse. He drew back his hand wet with blood. The match went out.

The man still lived. There was yet a chance! But out there in the dark it was impossible to see to do anything.

He gathered him up in his strong arms. He was staggering under his human burden, and panting fiercely when he reached his caravan. He reeled up the steps. Once within, he laid the unconscious man on the plank-like bed. One glance showed that he had been stabbed—stabbed twice.

Swiftly Halward, the look on his set, strong face that of a man who knew he was fighting death, unfastened overcoat, waistcoat; then, whipping out a pair of pocket-scissors, cut away shirt and singlet, and having snatched up a towel, pressed it over the bleeding wounds. But he had seen enough

now to know that the man was past salvation. With one hand he opened a locker and took out a bottle. He drew the cork with his teeth, and poured some brandy into the man's half-opened mouth. Breathing and pulse quickened. Presently the eyelids started to flicker. More brandy, and the lids opened, revealing dull, glazed eyes, that gradually brightened with a look of partial consciousness. The ashen lips began to move. Halward was bending over him now.

"Riordan—Luke Riordan!"

The words, breathed rather than whispered, were just audible.

"Did he do it?" whispered Halward, taking one of the dying man's hands in his own.

The ashen lips moved again.

"Yes!"

The external hemorrhage had practically ceased. More brandy! Then Halward, circling an arm round, raised him up a little.

"Is there anything," he whispered tenderly, "I can do for you? Any message?"

"Yes! Warn—the governor—photograph—that the woman—of La Maison Rouge—God help him—"

The rest was inaudible. The grey shadow of death was stealing over Gilbert Malyon's face. Halward's arm tightened round him, as though to comfort and give him strength.

The lips were moving again.

"Come closer—tell the governor—it was a lie—entail—my wife and child!"

The other words that linked the disjointed fragments together were lost to Halward.

A death-like silence followed. The light of the swinging lamp fell upon the two men, on Halward's strong, brave face, on the grey-hued, clear-cut features—all disguise torn from them now—of Gilbert Malyon. Both men had wooed Grace Deane!

The lips were moving again.

"God forgive me—wife and child—guard them—take care of them—the governor will hate them—his own kid—tell her—the other fellow—ever so prett—Gr—"

The word was unfinished, lost in a choking gurgle. Halward's arm tightened yet more. His hand squeezed the hand within his own.

"Take—care—of them—for me!"

Something more the dying man tried to whisper; but it was not granted him.

In a few moments it was all over!

Grace's husband had passed away in the arms of the man he had wronged and robbed!

In his last few moments of shadowy, semi-consciousness, his thoughts had been of the woman he had cruelly wronged, and their child—repentant thoughts. In a shadowy way, perhaps, conscious that the someone who held him in a strong, comforting grasp, whose handgrip was the grip of a man, was strong and brave, foreseeing, perhaps, in a shadowy, prophetic way, the dangers ahead, he had whispered—"Take care of them for me!"

Gently, tenderly as a woman, Halward laid him down. He noticed the ring with clasped hands on the little finger. Every little detail, the very pattern of the dead man's coat, imprinted itself almost mechanically on his brain. With a great sigh, he covered the body over with a rug.

"Take care of them for me!" he whispered.

But it was no time to reason. Murder had been done!

A few moments later, he was racing at a breathless speed towards the nearest habitation, the farm he had visited in the early evening. A watch-dog started to bark savagely as he neared the building. Before he could thunder on the door, a window was flung up and a head thrust out.

"Quick!" he shouted up, "it's murder! I'm a stranger here—send someone for the police! Someone come along with me to my van. Luke Riordan is the name of the man wanted!"

"Good God!" gasped a voice from the window, "then it's—Mr. Gilbert!"

"Don't talk!" cried Halward sharply, "come down."

A few moments later, Farmer Beech, the freeholder, was hurrying back with Halward, while his son, astride a bare-backed horse, was galloping to the village.

Once within the caravan, Halward raised up the rug that covered the dead man.

"Aye!" whispered the white-faced farmer with a shudder, "it's Mr. Gilbert! Luke Riordan's kept his word."

"Mr. Gilbert?" echoed Halward in a low voice.

"Aye, Mr. Gilbert, Sir Royle Malyon's first-born son."

"He spoke," whispered Halward, "of his wife and child. God help the poor woman! Someone must break the news to her!"

Again, almost mechanically, he noticed the ring on the little finger of his left hand.

"His wife?" said the farmer, thinking of Nell Riordan, "if she'd been his wife, this 'ud have never happened."

Halward quietly replaced the rug.

"He spoke of his wife and child twice," he said.

"Maybe his mind was wandering. She that should have been his wife is buried with the child in the churchyard. It's a sad, sad story"—he glanced at what lay on the bed—"and a sad, awful ending. But all of us here knew what 'ud happen if ever Luke Riordan met him face to face!"

Halward was lighting a lantern now.

"Where are you going then?" whispered the farmer nervously, "you aren't going to leave me alone here?"

"Yes. When the police come, send them down the road. It's a quarter of a mile from here where it happened. No time must be lost. I'm going to look for Luke Riordan!"

"Master," whispered farmer Beech, "leave that to others!"

"Why?"

"If you'd had a sister that you'd loved, and someone had come along and made false love to her, and stole her honour away, and went off leaving her with a little baby, and her heart so broke that she died, what 'ud your feelings have been?"

For a moment Halward did not answer. Grace's pretty, sunny face had risen up before him. Thank God! this had not been her lot. It had never occurred to him to doubt what she had told him in the letter. But if it had been!

An indescribable expression crossed his grave, strong face.

He opened the lantern, and blew out the light!

CHAPTER VIII.

How Lady Malyon Received the News of Gilbert's Death.

AFTER his son's departure, Sir Royle Malyon remained in the library, brooding. He had gained his point, but the fruits of victory were flavoured with bitterness—the thought that such a course had been necessary. He drew his hand from his eyes as Lady Malyon entered. She swept across and linked her arm in his sympathetically.

"I heard the carriage drive away, Royle. It has been a painful interview for you. I can see it. You have suffered, you are suffering still!"

The lustre of her opalescent eyes was unusually brilliant, her face a little pale; but had anyone seen her a few minutes before, crouching, white-faced and breathless, outside the library windows, he would have found it hard to believe that this was the same woman. She was a wonderful actress. There was but little about her to betray the secret dread gnawing at her heart. She had been respite—but for how long?

Sir Royle's features softened a little as he glanced down into her beautiful face. She drew closer to him, and nestled her red-gold head on his shoulder.

"Royle, I'm so sorry!"

"Clare, it has been painful; but it's over now, and it's all for the best."

"Won't you tell me, Royle, what happened, or would you rather I didn't know?"

Her seeming submission pleased the proud man.

"This much, Clare. After to-morrow I shall be a free man. I have bought Gilbert's consent to the cutting of the entail. Our little son will be heir to all but the title. I am thankful to think that if anything should happen to me, your position will be very different from what it would have been."

"Royle," she whispered, nestling yet closer, "don't think me hard, unfeeling—Gilbert was your son, and I wouldn't pain you—but I can't play the hypocrite. I'm not thinking of myself. But I'm glad, glad for my little son's sake!"

Her eyes were flashing now. It was partly true, partly a lie. She herself was included in her thoughts.

Sir Royle stroked her ruddy hair tenderly.

"Clare, it is only natural. Gilbert"—the voice hardened—"has been, is nothing to you."

He was looking down into her eyes. What if he had known?

"It is only natural," he went on, "it would be unnatural if you were not glad."

"But my heart aches for you, Royle!"

He stooped down and kissed her—the woman of La Maison Rouge!

"Your sympathy's very sweet, Clare! Now go along to bed. You look tired, worried, excited. I have some business before me."

"Let me stay with you!"

"No, I shall be late. I insist that you go, Clare!"

With an old-world, stately gallantry he led her to the door. Only when the door had closed did her expression change. A hunted look filled her eyes. Everything that she had secretly hungered for had come to pass. Her precious child's, her own future was practically assured now; but Gilbert Malyon, the Geoffrey Marsh of the Bonnevillie mystery, had recognised her photograph. For some reason he had lied; but what of the future? To what use could he turn his knowledge?

She was half-way across the hall, when Mr. Grimwood emerged from a corridor. He had been to the village to post letters; one of them bore the address—"Mr. Bartholomew Boote, 14 Finchbeck Lane, Marley Street, London, E." And in his pocket he carried a letter received that morning running thus:

"DEAR SIR,—I am looking forward to seeing you the day after to-morrow as per usual. It is indeed gratifying to know that there is still corn in Egypt. I have picked up something very choice in the shape of an old Welsh dresser. Inspection invited. Dirt cheap. Also a genuine Bartolozzi—going for a mere song. Also baby's rattle, coral, silver—Florentine work. No reasonable offer refused.—Yours very truly, B.B."

Mr. Grimwood was a connoisseur of old furniture and antiques, and his two private rooms contained some very choice pieces, some he had picked up in the course of his travels, others he had obtained through Mr. Bartholomew Boote, who, it will be remembered, dealt in old furniture and antiques. In fact, Lady Malyon had been so much impressed with his nice taste that she had commissioned him to obtain certain articles of vertu for her boudoir.

"Good-night, Mr. Grimwood," said Lady Malyon graciously, with a little touch of condescension in her voice.

"Good night, Lady Malyon," he answered softly, with a slight bow. "Good-night!"

Moving towards the library, he watched her out of the corners of his eyes as she passed up the broad oak staircase, noticing the soft curves of her beautiful figure, the sinuous grace of her movements. He coveted Sir Royle's beautiful wife, yet he resented, under his outward cloak of humility, the condescension with which he was treated. He was a man of intellect and education, and he resented being looked upon as something a little superior to an upper servant. He was made to feel that he was with them, but not one of them. Some men, generally those who have been humbled themselves, have a desire to humble as well as obtain the object of their passion. Unpleasant men these. Perhaps Seth Searfield, the little crippled cobbler, was not very wide of the mark when he called Reuben Grimwood an adder. His exterior did not betray the carnal heart or the longing for luxury that so far he had been unable to gratify except in a manner that only increased his appetite. He was a materialist. A secret scoffer at, and disbeliever in religion.

He entered the library.

"I shan't want you to-night, Grimwood," said Sir Royle.

"Thank you. If you've no objection, I shall go to London to-morrow, Sir Royle. I am anxious to look up a charter in the British Museum."

"Certainly."

Mr. Grimwood retired to his private rooms, a sitting-room and bed-room adjoining. The furniture, the china, the quaint old engravings, the collection of snuff-boxes and old-fashioned watches, the book-shelf containing rare editions, the very wall-paper told of his excellent and catholic tastes.

He did not retire to bed, but when his clock struck twelve, passed into the bed-room and drew a pair of woollen socks over his boots, slipped on an overcoat, and placed a deer-stalker hat on his head. Then, returning to the sitting-room, he took from a secret recess of a quaint, inlaid bureau, a very massive-looking key. From the same recess he took a screw-driver and a short steel chisel.

He stepped outside his room and was listening when the distant, but violent jangling of a bell reached him. It was a late hour for a visitor.

Like Mr. Grimwood, Lady Malyn had not retired to bed. For a while she had paced her room, sometimes pressing her hands to her forehead. Then, having changed her gown for a soft, many dressing-gown, she stole away to the night nursery. The little Royle had two nurses to wait upon him; the little Geoff, away in France, only his mother. A dim light burnt in the room. The nurse on night duty was sleeping soundly. Lady Malyn crept up to the cot and drew back the curtains. So gently that she did not wake him, she raised up the little mite and pressed him to her bosom. The criminal woman was a loving mother now, loving with a fierce love, ready to fight and strike for her offspring. A radiance brightened her beautiful animal face, then she shivered. What if she were taken from him?

Still holding the child she sat down and peered into the sleeping, peaceful little face. At last she rose up reluctantly, and having pressed a kiss on the velvety cheek, placed him back in his cot.

She was passing along a corridor back to her room when the sound of the jangling bell heard by Reuben Grimwood, reached her. She paused for a moment, then crept to the end of the corridor that opened on to the broad balustraded landing atop the stairs leading down into the hall. She kept within the shelter of the corridor. The lights were still burning in the hall. She heard the opening of the front door, a faint murmur of voices; then a hoarse, low cry—it was Miles's voice—and the sound of someone hurrying across the hall.

Something had happened, something was wrong? Instinctively she recalled the rustle of leaves and the dull thud she had heard as she returned from playing the cavedropper outside the library. She was no coward; but her nerves had been strained almost up to snapping point that night. She was shivering. She must know what was happening. She passed out on to the landing.

The hall-door was open. Within stood two men, one, Farmer Beech, the other a stranger. She had reached the top of the stairs when she saw Sir Royle pass out of the library. He walked unsteadily, and though the light was none too strong she could see the ashy pallor on his rigid, set face.

Before he could cross the hall she was by his side.

"Royle!" she whispered.

He started at her voice. He had neither seen nor heard her coming.

"Go back to your room, Clare!" he said hoarsely. "Go back! This is no place for you!"

"Go back, your ladyship," quavered Miles, who was following close upon his master's heels, and had heard, coming through the open door, the slow heavy tramp of footsteps.

"What has happened, Royle?"

She, too, had heard that heavy tramp. A light had dawned upon her now.

"Something—something happened to Gilbert?"

"Yes," choked out Sir Royle. "Gilbert—Gilbert's dead. Go back to your room!"

She covered her face with her hands, staggered away. Sir Royle put an arm round her and led her to the foot of the stairs. Never glancing behind her, she sped up and away to her room. Once within she clutched her hands convulsively together, and gave a wild hysterical horrible laugh.

She was saved! Her child was heir to all now!

CHAPTER IX.

In which Flash Meg Flares up and Meditates Taking a Holiday—"Methinks it seems but Yesterday Since We were Boys Together!"

MR. BARTHOLOMEW BOOTE was, according to those who knew him intimately, capable of anything, from "pitch-and-toss to manslaughter." A certain youthful jauntiness of bearing, and flippant exaggerated style of speech, and an atrocious style in dress were the man's outward characteristics. Pinchbeck Lane had known him for some thirteen years. He had purchased the business from an old Jew. His life, prior to that, was somewhat of a mystery. He was not communicative about his past. He had travelled. He could, as he put it, "parlez-vous" a bit, and "sprechen Sie Deutsch" after a fashion.

Sometimes he left his shop for considerable periods, travelling. He would explain, scouring remote villages in search of bric-a-brac, old furniture, and so on. Some of his customers had a way of visiting him after dark, arriving and leaving by a private back entrance.

He was assisted in his business—a much more extensive business than anyone casually passing his shop could have imagined—by a young gentleman commonly known as Jim the Dandy, and Margaret Holt, otherwise Flash Meg. There was a certain amount of upholstering work to be done, and this was one of Flash Meg's duties. But she was a young woman of varied accomplishments. Sometimes, her rebellious hair smoothed flat, her great hat and flashy garments discarded for something prim and unostentatious, she went into domestic service. She never stayed long in one place, and it was a remarkable coincidence that her departure was nearly always followed, sooner or later, by a burglary.

There had, however, been one notable exception, when the master of the house, attracted by Flash Meg's undoubted charms, had attempted to kiss her, and Flash Meg had planted him a blow on his nose, straight from her shoulder. A policeman helped her out with her box half-an-hour later. It had long been a sore point with Bartholomew Boote. Certain arrangements had been badly upset thereby. He could not understand such squeamishness.

Flash Meg had fallen into Bartholomew Boote's clutches when she was nine years old. He was a vile schoolmaster for any child, boy or girl. For his own purposes, he had systematically set about undermining and demoralising her character. He had only partially succeeded. Jim the Dandy, a low foreheaded, party-faced youth, was his slave. But

Flash Meg was different. She required very delicate handling. She had a way of flaring up.

Once, when she was a child, he had struck her. He still carried the scar on his arm where she had fastened her teeth. He had never broken her spirit. Appearances were often terribly against her; but, in spite of a hundred and one temptations, in spite of being left motherless, and falling into Mr. Boote's clutches, in spite of living a life among vile characters, Flash Meg still wore the white flower of womanly purity. She had fought for it once, as a man fights, and had put a mark on the would-be thief that he would carry to his grave. She was, of course, a "bad lot," as the world goes; but the wonder was that she was not a great deal worse.

Bartholomew Boote was sitting alone in the room at the back of his shop. He was frock-coated, and brown-booted, and his shirt and collar were of a decided pink colour. He was wearing a black velvet, tasselled smoking-fac, round which brilliant roses were embroidered. He was smoking a cigar fixed into a meerschaum holder ornamented with a figure of Venus, the colour of chocolate. A glass of gin-and-water, his favourite beverage, was beside him. His mind had wandered back into the far past.

"There were four of us," he muttered, "and very nicely we got on, till the feminine element upset the apple-cart!"

He scratched one of his dyed side whiskers and eyed the Venus on his cigar-holder.

"They grew in beauty side by side," he quoted aloud, "they filled one home with glee. Their graves are severed far and wide, by mountain, stream, and sea. Not exactly applicable, but near enough, Barty, dear boy! Near enough!"

There was a faint suggestion of a monkey about the wrinkled face as he smiled to himself and again scratched the side-whisker.

He glanced round as the door, leading into the shop, opened, and Flash Meg, magnificent in a great hat that suited well her style of beauty, entered. He waited her a kiss with the tips of his fingers.

"Margaret, my pearl! Why this thushness? Why this resplendent finery?"

"Jim's taking me to a hall to-night," she answered, "but that's not what I've come about. I'm going off for a fortnight's holiday along with my pal, Liza, and her husband. You can get along all right without me. I want a breath of country air, I do. They're bound for Rushford fair. I can lend Liza a hand with the guns and the gallery, d'ye see—I'm about tired of London!"

"Exactly," said Bartholomew Boote. "Yes, I've no objection. There's nothing much doing. I shall miss your presence, the light of your countenance. But go, and take my blessing with thee!"

"Here, chuck it! Keep your soft soap for those that like it."

"Margaret, your words are like your blows—straight from the shoulder. But don't be away more than a fortnight. There may be work—work, what a glorious thing work is, Margaret—there may be work to be done."

Flash Meg placed a hand on her hip, and tilted back her hat a little, and fastened her splendid eyes on Boote's shrivelled face.

"Margaret," he expostulated, "for the love of Heaven, don't look at me with that tragedy-queen stare of yours."

"Supposing," she said, "I don't care about coming back. Lately I've felt like having done with this game. I've been thinking to myself: it's a low-down game, that's what it is. I'm beginning to hate myself, and you for having taught it me!"

Her eyes were flashing angrily, contemptuously, at Bartholomew Boote. His expression hardened a little. She was always inclined to kick over the traces, and the tendency had manifested itself more frequently of late.

"Meg," he said sharply, "what's coming over you? Has some sky-pilot got hold of yer, or what? Don't let's have any showing off! No tantrums, if you please!"

"Why didn't you give me a chance to go straight when you first got hold of me? I might have been a decent, respectable sort, instead of what I am now."

"Margaret, don't talk rot! Don't nag! You are eminently fitted for the path of life you chose for yourself."

"Chose for myself!" she answered hotly. "Does a kid of nine choose for herself when she's kept half-starved, and is told the only way to earn a dinner is to go out and bring something back that'll pay for it. And then, when that's done, telling her if she don't go on as she's begun, she'll be given up to the police—do you call that choosing?"

Boote's eyes glittered nastily; but he smiled—with his mouth.

"Margaret, don't be so hard on Barty! You're such a flarer. Think it over, dear girl! If you have aspirations in some other branch of life, don't let Barty stand in your way! There's brandy in the cupboard, and soda—I prefer the homely and less fiery gin—help yourself, dear girl."

"No!" she answered fiercely; "you taught me that trick, too, didn't you! But I'm going to knock it off. Maybe I shall come back, maybe I shan't. I shall see. I'm off!"

Without another word, with a half-defiant, half-contemptuous glance at Boote, she swung round on her heels, and was gone.

Boote examined the anatomy of the Venus on his cigar-holder.

"You're a tyke, you are! But I think you'll come back to Barty! I think it's a bit late in the day to change your manner of life. I should like to give you a good whipping, a good whipping across your bare shoulders, my beautiful pearl! I should indeed. And I would have done so before now, but for your unwomanly knowledge of the art of self-defence."

Jim the Dandy was waiting outside the shop for Flash Meg. His blue Melton overcoat had a velvet collar and cuffs. A carnation was in his button-hole; his hair was plastered down in a flap on his forehead. A cloth cap was stuck well on the back of his head, the better to display the flap.

"Jim," said Flash Meg, as they walked away together, "I gave him a bit of my mind to-night. I didn't go in there meaning to, but I thought of things, and I flared up."

"Well, you mustn't think no more, Meg. You and me are out to-night for a fair old spree."

"Right-o, Jim. Have you got the oranges?"

"I've 'em."

"And the nuts?"

"I've that—in my pocket."

"Let's sample a nut now, Jim."

He gave her a handful of nuts. She cracked one between her beautiful, white teeth. A visit to a music-hall without nuts and oranges to Flash Meg would have been like an egg without salt.

"Jim," she said presently, "you've not forgot our bargain?"

"No," he answered a little sullenly, "I wasn't to propose to you! But, I say, Meg, can't you 'old out no 'opes for me—ultimate 'opes? I'm sure we should 'it off together, Meg! Couldn't you start bein' friendly, and grow to love me after?"

She shook her head.

"No, Jim, no! That's not my idea of marriage. No, let's stay as we are, good pals."

"Right-o, Meg," said Jim the Dandy, with a deep sigh. "The bargain only 'olds good for to-night. I shall be askin' you again. Maybe you'll come round to my way of thinkin' yet."

Flash Meg did not answer. She was good friends with Jim the Dandy, depraved young scoundrel though he was; but he was not her ideal of a man. Could she have been persuaded to describe her ideal, it would have been that of the man whom she had seen, some years ago, tackle and fell a drunken seaman armed with a knife, whilst others stood round and shirked. She had seen her ideal!

Mr. Barty Boote was still contemplating the Venus on his cigar-holder.

"Rushford," he muttered, "that reminds me. I shall have dear old Reubey here to-morrow. Dear old Reubey! How time flies!"

He lapsed into song: "Methinks it seems but yesterday since we were boys together!"

CHAPTER X.

Jack Halward Interviews Sir Royle and Lady Malyn.

A STRANGE hush hung over Malyn Hall. The servants moved about the place on tiptoe and spoke in whispers, conscious of the presence of death. Whenever it was possible they avoided passing the room where the murdered man lay.

Sir Royle Malyn looked very old and grey; but a proud, stern look masked his inward emotions. He carried himself erect as he paced up and down the darkened library. His voice was low but steady as he dictated a letter to Reuben Grimwood. The expedition that the latter had been meditating when the news of the tragedy reached the hall, had been postponed. The expression on his hairless face was one of subdued mournfulness. Occasionally he suppressed a sigh.

"Of course, Sir Royle," he murmured deferentially and mournfully, "I shall postpone my visit to London"—he sighed—"there will be so much that is painful for you, Sir Royle. If in any way I could relieve you, in interviewing the police or making any of the necessary arrangements, I trust you will allow me to do so."

"Thank you, Grimwood!" answered Sir Royle, but with an intonation that implied that the offer was superfluous. Then he dictated another letter.

"That is all, this morning," he said presently.

Mr. Grimwood gathered up his papers, and left the library silently. Sir Royle, alone, sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. The proud, stern mask he wore in the presence of others had fallen.

"Oh, my God!" he whispered hoarsely. "Oh, my God!"

The night before he had steeled his heart against his son, had parted with him as a stranger; but in his heart of hearts the father's affection had not been utterly dead. And the shame and the disgrace and the scandal! There would be an inquest. The dead son's past would be dragged before the public; the Malyn name bandied from lip to lip!

He did not hear the door open. He was only conscious of Lady Malyn's presence as her arm stole round his shoulders, and her face was pressed to his.

"Royle," she whispered, "my husband! My heart bleeds for you!"

Her eyes sought the silver-framed photograph, the glass broken, standing where Gilbert Malyn had replaced it on the table.

Sir Royle did not see the look in her eyes as he glanced up, master of himself again.

"Clare—"

A knock on the door interrupted him. Miles, who, like his master, seemed to have aged much in a few hours, entered.

"Mr. Halward, Sir Royle," he said unsteadily.

"Halward?"

"Yes, Sir Royle. The gentleman who, with Beech, brought—brought the news last night."

"What does he want?"

"He would like to see you, Sir Royle"—Miles voice faltered—"Mr.—Mr. Gilbert spoke his last words in his arms!"

"I will see him!" answered Sir Royle, in a low, steady voice.

A shadow swept across the face of the beautiful woman beside him.

(To be continued.)

"DEATH from lead poisoning," is the polite term used by Colorado juries to specify a gambler's fate in a shooting affray.

BUTCHER (to applicant for situation): "Let me hear you go through the weights table."

Applicant: "Fourteen ounces make one pound, and—"

Butcher: "That'll do. I'll engage you."

MRS. NEWLYWED: "Considering that you never have to be at your desk till nine o'clock, I don't see how you ever got into the habit of waking up so early."

Mr. Newlywed: "Well, my dear, for a great many years before I married I boarded out, and I just tell you at a boarding-house it's the early bird that catches the breakfast."

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE! A huge prize for a simple task. Particulars later.

The Passing of the Kilt.

ONE thing that struck the writer during a holiday in Scotland was the absence of the kilt; in short the disappearance of the Highland costume. This fact was so striking that he was impelled to seek an explanation. "During my two months' stay among you," remarked the writer to his host, "I have only seen one man with the national costume—your piper. The kilt is eminently suited to the country, yet it is disappearing and your men are wearing trousers, which they are constantly getting wet in this wet country."

"The kilt costs too much," was the reply. "Our men love the costume, but it costs £5 to get a good kilt, and this expensive attire does not suit their pockets, however much it may please their hearts. They are taking to the dress of the Southerner because it is cheaper. Who can blame them?"

"Do you know that the dress of an officer in a Scottish regiment often costs £200?" The King has a Scottish costume that cost him £250."

How an M.P. Retires.

THE Chilterns are a range of chalk eminences dividing the counties of Hertford and Bedford and extending to Henley. In former days, these hills were infested with robbers, and the Government was obliged to take steps to suppress these rogues. The task was carried out under an officer appointed by the Crown and known as the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds.

The duties of this office have long been obsolete, but the office has been kept in force, and a nominal salary is attached to the post. It is a position of convenience for Members of Parliament. An M.P. cannot resign his seat; so, when he wishes to retire, he must obtain a post under the Crown—a post with a salary. Any member accepting such an office vacates his seat, and has to be re-elected. The M.P. applies for the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and receives the appointment without trouble. His seat is now vacant, and he does not seek re-election; and, after a few days, he resigns his appointment. That is the round-about way in which an M.P. retires from Parliament.

An Oak that Owns Itself.

TREES are not owners of themselves as a regular thing, but there is an oak in Athens, Galveston, U.S.A., that can claim this unique distinction.

It is on an estate that formerly belonged to a Colonel Jackson, who played round its massive trunk as a child, and grew to love the sturdy tree as if it were a dog, a horse, or even a son. Like the owners of some dogs and horses, he became uneasy concerning the fate of his favourite after his death; the estate might fall into the hands of someone who would have the old tree cut down and sold for the value of the wood, and the bare idea of his old friend being turned into panelling or what not was unendurable.

He cast about him for some way to prevent this, and finally executed a deed making the oak owner of itself and all the ground within a radius of eight yards of its trunk. The deed stands good, and the new owner can do nothing with the tree or with the ground in the vicinity till the oak dies. And when the tree dies there is to be an expert examination to show whether death was natural or not; for if the owner be found guilty of causing its death, the property will revert to others.

Football Clubs that Never Play.

THE thousands of enthusiasts who attend football matches are perhaps not aware that there are many clubs in different parts of England whose members profess to be votaries of football but who have not the slightest inkling of the game.

The real reason is that they are not football clubs at all, but gaming clubs. Under the comparatively innocent title of the "Puddle Splashers F.C." they are allowed to assemble, when an ordinary club title would arouse the suspicion of the police. Only a few weeks back, in the Midlands, it was discovered that a certain so-called football club was never known to actually play a match, yet such extensive business was done that the members met regularly every night.

This at last aroused suspicion, and the police were about to make a raid when the members, who carried on a gambling club, got wind of their intention, and left their club, its bogus prize shield, supposed to have been won in open competition, footballs, and all, at the option of the police.

In the East End of London, near Epping Forest, at a confectioner's shop, kept by an Italian, is the headquarters of another bogus football club. In the shop is displayed a poster which describes that on Saturday next the "Bogey F.C." will play the "So-and-So F.C."; but it is singular that week after week the "Bogey Club" are still announced to play the same opponents.

In the room over the shop, where the club are supposed to do their business, is a fitted green baize table, presided over by the Italian proprietor, who nightly initiates young fellows into their ultimate ruin. Card games such as "banker," and dice-throwing, are prevalent, while the word football is never mentioned.

Up Before the Lark.

THE well-meaning advice, generally given by older people to their juniors, to get up with the lark, will have to be altered if the assertion of an ornithologist is to be credited. As an early riser, the lark does not shine in comparison with some of his fellows.

The greenfinch occasionally begins business in summer before two o'clock, but perhaps we ought to commence with the first real songster, the blackbird, whose time is four a.m. Half-an-hour later comes the thrush, then come the hedgerow sparrow, the lark, and other birds.

The Canary is a Little Pig.

THE canary is always regarded as a small eater, just as the pig is notorious for its gluttony. People with small appetites are often twitted for not eating more than enough to feed a canary, and this led a man, who was a tiny eater, to watch the yellow bird and report.

He found that a canary that weighed 247 grains ate just thirty-two times its own weight in a month; that is, it ate rather more than its own weight, on an average, every day. Anyone who watches the little bird will notice that it is always eating. Now, says the investigator, a pig doesn't eat its own weight every day, glutton as it is. Hence he thinks that the canary deserves to be classed as a little pig.

Ever Had Boo-hoo Fever?

EUROPEANS in Hawaii suffer occasionally from this peculiar malady, but it seems that the American marines in China are being attacked by it during the great heat.

The sufferer feels exceedingly depressed and bursts into fits of weeping. He generally feels ashamed of it, but he cannot help it, and if you ask him any questions as to what makes him act so, and what is the matter with him, he bursts into wilder fits of crying in which "boo-hoo" generally figures. Hence the name.

It is not an attack of sunstroke, for a few hours' rest usually restores the patient to his normal condition. It is hardly a fever, in spite of the name given to it. Doctors regard it as a strange form of hysteria caused by excessive heat.

"Did you ever know such a winter for begging appeals of all kinds?" said A to B, as they met at the club.

"Never, my dear fellow, never!" said B. "This is a terribly hard winter for the rich!"

Private Outfitters.

THESE men usually begin in a small way, carrying on the business in the evening after their ordinary day's work is over. With a little capital and good credit, they can get all the goods they want, and they then supply others on the instalment plan.

They will furnish a room for a deposit of sixpence or a shilling per article and fixed weekly payments. You can have a suit, a time-piece, tools—anything and everything, even a wedding breakfast—on this system. And in many cases, where the intended recipient can show a good record, they will supply without a deposit and on graduated payments in order to meet the exigencies of the position and do business.

They make a bad debt occasionally, but the profits enable them to disregard those pieces of ill-luck; in fact, they make so good a thing of it that they usually adopt the business as a regular pursuit and give up their own calling.

VISITOR: "Why do you call it Sea View House, if the sea can only be seen occasionally from the roof?"

Landlady (who has had a travelling burlesque company lodging with her): "We call it Sea View House, sir, because you goes to the top of the house to see view can see it."

Tiddliwinking the Funds.

OUR legal luminaries are sometimes called upon to decide the meaning of words, concerning which ordinary persons have no manner of doubt, while at others they are asked to decide as to the signification of a word that would puzzle anyone to define. An instance of the first-mentioned circumstance was that where our judges had to say when a place was a place and when it was not; and, in answer to the question, "What is a place?" a witty judge replied that it was any spot except, perhaps, the point of a church steeple.

An instance of the second kind occurred some time ago in Melbourne, when a newspaper accused a councillor of "tiddliwinking the funds." The offended councillor at once brought an action for libel against the newspaper; but no one in court could give the meaning of the phrase. At least fifty dictionaries were consulted, but without result, and at last the court decided to accept the explanation of a witness who said that it meant resorting to little dodges for one's own benefit. This was not regarded as a libellous statement and the action was lost.

A Purse for the Bride.

SOME brides may be inclined to regret that the old marriage custom of the dowry purse has fallen into disuse. It was the custom of the bridegroom to fill a purse with a goodly sum of money, and present it to the bride on the wedding day, as the price of the purchase of her person; it sounds like slavery, like the buying of goods and chattels, yet the bride had a nice little sum of money for her own use.

Some of the oldest inhabitants of Cumberland may remember a similar custom in that county. The bridegroom provided himself with a number of gold and silver pieces, and, at the words "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," he handed the clergyman his fee and poured the other coins into a handkerchief held out for that purpose by the bride.

In other places, again, the bride had the right to ask her husband for a gift of money or property on the day after the wedding, and he was bound in honour to grant the request.

They Hang Out a Pincushion.

IN some of the cities of Holland, such as Haarlem, the birth of a child is announced to the neighbours, and all who chance to pass, by the curious custom of hanging a pincushion outside the door. If you walk past a house, and see a white pincushion edged with lace, and looking very dainty, you may understand that the number of inhabitants has been increased by one, and that one a girl.

When the happy couple are blessed with a boy, the colour of the pincushion is red.

In Japan the people do something similar, yet more extensive. Outside the houses of a town you will see one or more paper fishes, dangling and blowing in the wind. On making inquiry, you are informed that the paper fishes represent the boys of the household; every new boy means another fish. These imitations of the koi are decorated with coloured silk, and are thought a great deal of.

The fish, which the Chinese call koi, is noted for its courage and tenacity, and is, therefore, regarded as a fitting representation of the coming man.

Feet that Resist Molten Iron.

ABOUT thirty years ago at Carron Iron Works in Stirlingshire it was no uncommon sight to see iron moulders working with bare feet; and even during the time they were employed pouring the liquid metal into the moulds, they did not even put their boots on.

When by accident a drop of liquid metal did fall on their feet it just slid off like water leaving a singeing small as the only evidence that the metal had been in contact with the skin. The skin was so thick and hard by constant exposure that no harm resulted. In fact, so injured were these men to working with the feet unprotected, that one of them attributed a cold he was suffering from to wearing his boots for a few days.

In the same works at the same time as above mentioned, iron-dressers and pattern-makers used to go to and from their work with tall hats on, the former, while at work, wearing cowls, the latter, when outside the shop they were employed in, donning the tall hat.

Pattern-makers at that time were known as wood carvers. They enjoyed many privileges at their work, not the least being time and opportunity for making their own porridge in the mornings. On Saturday forenoon very little actual work was done, the time being devoted to shaving and personal cleanliness.

Cracking Whips for a Living.

THE Paris police have recently been informed by one of the fraternity of whip-crackers that such a calling exists, and claims recognition as one of the "professions" by the exercise of which men earn their livelihood in France. Its claims were put forward by a man arrested for vagrancy, who indignantly denied that he was an aimless wanderer without occupation, and instead boasted himself a highly accomplished and valued whip-cracker.

Whip-crackers, it appears, are men who possess strong wrists and are willing to crack whips, all day long, if required, on receipt of a suitable fee. At the commencement of the shooting season, when the proprietors of neighbouring demesnes are not good friends, the one who bears ill will to the other engages a whip cracker, whose duty it is to crack a whip so as to frighten away all the birds at the approach of the disliked sportsman and his friends. It is a trick easily performed, but it brings in a pay of ten francs a day.

The whip-crackers are also found useful by farmers afflicted with diseased cattle which they cannot sell. Having engaged a whip-cracker, they turn out the sick beasts on the most frequented highway they can find. The cracker follows with his whip, ostensibly to guide the cattle, really to drive it under the wheels of a carriage, a motor-car, or a tram.

This he does by cracking his whip at the critical moment so as to frighten the beasts and drive them to destruction. The particular value of whip-cracking in this connection is to be found in the very true contention of the man who described the calling that, "A sick beast cannot be sold for any price, but one killed accidentally is always paid for at the highest price."

OPENING THE SEASON.

What the Fresh Air Fund has Done, and what it is Going to Do.

On June 20th, 1892, a party of 200 little children, collected from the worst slums of London, boarded a number of special trains, and rode down on them to the borders of Epping Forest. They then alighted, formed into a long irregular line, four abreast, and tramped along to the shelter which had been erected for their reception. Here they enjoyed a hearty meal, and afterwards romped about on the grass and in the cool glades until tea-time. After another substantial meal they were collected and marched back to the trains which carried them to the Shadowland they called "home."

This was the first FRESH AIR FUND excursion in the United Kingdom, and was the result of the generosity of those who were readers of *Pearson's Weekly* at that time. From so small a beginning the FRESH AIR FUND has developed and increased year by year, until the total number of children dealt with, not only in London, but in all the chief cities of the United Kingdom, was, at the end of last year, 800,000!

During the first season readers subscribed about £800, with the result that 22,000 little children were given a day in the country. Last year the amount spent was £4,617, and 114,000 little ones in different parts of the United Kingdom had a day's outing during the summer months. This year, starting from to-day, we are going to collect at least £4,860, and a minimum of 120,000 children are going to be sent away for a holiday. In order to enable the local committees in the provincial towns and cities to proceed with their arrangements for collecting the children and catering for their food, it has been necessary for the promoters of the Fund to guarantee half the amount—£2,430.

Every year the number of towns benefited by the scheme has been increased, and this year seven new towns are added to the former list, making a total of thirty-two.

These towns have been selected according to population, and every place with 100,000 inhabitants or more is included. Under these conditions such towns as Brighton and Southampton have been brought in, and it may occur to some readers who are in the habit of visiting such places in holiday time, that the objects of the fund are being defeated because the children living there are always getting fresh air. This, how-

ever, is a mistake. Representatives of the FRESH AIR FUND have carefully investigated the matter, and have proved to their satisfaction that slums exist—some of them terrible slums indeed—even in such towns as Brighton and Southampton. In these slums children live whose existence is very far from happy. They are insufficiently clothed, badly fed, and never get a chance of freedom from their squalid surroundings. The ozone that does you so much good when you run down to the seaside does not freshen the vitiated air of these slums.

The committees of ladies and gentlemen which have been formed in the provincial towns are, of course, unable to carry out the excursions on precisely the same lines as those in London, in consequence of local difficulties. They are, therefore, allowed to spend ninepence on each child in whatever they consider to be the best manner. At the end of the season the secretary supplies to the head office a certificate stating that the number of children allocated to his particular town have been taken for a day's outing, and that the money allowed has been spent in the correct manner.

Although the working arrangements for the provincial cities are carried out locally, the funds are supplied from the chief office in London, to which all subscriptions are sent by readers of this paper.

The whole of the money subscribed is spent in food and fares for the tiny ones, and all the working expenses are equally borne by the Ragged School Union and the Proprietors of *Pearson's Weekly*, the Council of the former having placed its great organisation of that institution at the disposal of the Fund. It will, therefore, be seen that the Fund holds a unique position, all other institutions deducting from the money subscribed whatever is expended in the way of management and office expenses. So that, for every ninepence sent in, one child is given a complete day's happiness.

The sum of £8 2s. 0d. covers the cost of a party of 200 children, including six adults to look after them.

One of the most gratifying features of the scheme is the hearty and practical interest which Colonials and Britishers living abroad take in the little children whom it benefits. Although the Fund closes in October of each year, subscriptions continue to come in through the winter months from every quarter of the globe. Only a few weeks ago no less a sum than £35 came to hand from the non-commissioned officers and men of the Railway Pioneer Regiment in South Africa. This is only one instance among many in which our soldiers have proved their generosity by devoting a portion of their hard-earned savings to alleviating the unhappiness of the little ones at home.

During the coming summer months parties of children will be taken out into the country from the following towns. The number of children placed against each

town is the minimum and will, it is to be hoped, be greatly exceeded:

LONDON	41,500	LEICESTER	2,000	DERBY	2,000
LIVERPOOL	5,000	PORTSMOUTH	2,000	HALIFAX	2,000
MANCHESTER	5,000	BOLTON	2,000	SOUTHAMPTON	2,000
BIRMINGHAM	5,000	CARDIFF	2,000	BELFAST	3,500
LEEDS	3,000	SUNDERLAND	2,000	DUBLIN	3,000
SHEFFIELD	3,000	OLDHAM	2,000	EDINBURGH	2,000
BRISTOL	2,500	BLACKBURN	2,000	GLASGOW	5,000
BRADFORD	2,000	BRIGHTON	2,000	DUNDEE	2,000
HULL	2,000	PRESTON	2,000	ABERDEEN	2,000
NOTTINGHAM	2,000	NORWICH	2,000		
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE	2,000	GATESHEAD	2,000		120,000
		PLYMOUTH	1,500		

It depends entirely upon yourself and your fellow-readers whether this year—the Coronation year—will be a record one.

If you feel sufficiently interested in the movement to justify your giving even quite a small sum, will you please address it to the Hon. Sec. of the FRESH AIR FUND, *Pearson's Weekly* Office, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged in *Pearson's Weekly*.

"Does your son still collect coins?"

"Oh, no; he has another hobby now. He writes verses, and has taken up collecting editors' rejection forms from the different magazines. He has nearly a complete set."

CADLEY: "How do you manage to quote your friends such low terms for coals?"

Lightum: "It is this way. I knock off two shillings a ton because they are friends of mine, and then I knock off two hundred pounds on each ton because I'm a friend of theirs."

SHE: "I hear you are going to marry a rich widow." He (perfectly disinterested): "No; I love her to desperation, but I cannot ask her to be my wife."

SHE: "What is the obstacle?"

HE: "Her money."

SHE: "Goes to her husband's family if she remarries?"

PIDDICOMBE: "Have you read Dillettant's story?"

Sinnick: "Yes. It's intensely interesting. I've seldom read anything that gives one a better idea of modern society."

Piddicombe: "You surprise me. I found it unutterably dull and stupid."

Sinnick: "So did I."

A TRUE TALE OF SALT.

Two ladies were sitting together at lunch one day, when the visitor remarked to the hostess:

"What lovely salt this is! Where do you get it?"

"From my usual grocer," the other replied. "It is quite a special thing, called 'Cerebos' Salt, and is always just as nice and fine as you see it now in the salt-cellar."

"I must really have some of it," was the rejoinder.

"What does it cost?"

"I pay 6d. for a large tin."

"What! 6d. for salt?"

"Yes; but just think what salt it is, and consider how little of it one uses at table! Why, the tin lasts me for several months, and I should not now be without it for anything. My husband, who, as you know, dotes on statistics, tells me a 6d. tin will salt 700 meals."

A long time afterwards these two ladies met at a hydro-pathic establishment, where again the conversation turned upon "Cerebos" Salt.

The lady who had been converted to its use some time previously told her friend that she was now using "Cerebos" Salt, not only at table, but in the kitchen, for every purpose except the salting of vegetables in the pan.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the first advocate of "Cerebos" Salt. "I would never use any other salt at table; but don't you think it is too expensive for use in the kitchen?"

"Perhaps you are not aware," replied her friend, "that it is something more than common salt, that it strengthens the food salted with it, and that it was first of all introduced to assist the formation and the growth of strong constitutions in children."

"I had read that somewhere, but paid no attention to it. I only use it at table because it is 'so dainty.'"

"I am convinced, however, that, did you understand its real value, you would adopt it in the kitchen as well. Even if it should add a few pence a week to your housekeeping, what would that matter, if it really makes the food more strengthening, and adds to it, as the makers say, 'the food-strength of bone, which forms the substance of bone, brain, and nerve?'"

"But if one eats plenty of good food one should not need to add anything else to it."

"Neither we should, if we ate our food in its natural condition. But, for instance, instead of eating whole-meal bread, or the whole grain of wheat, we use only the whitest flour; and, seeing that the bran, or outer part of the wheat, contains the most part of its strength, there is a great want in the food of something which is absolutely necessary for health and strength."

"Then one may get weak without knowing why, all because the food does not contain what we need?"

"Certainly. For instance, you have come here with your two daughters because they are out of health, and you are giving them chemical food by the doctor's orders. Now, perhaps, if you had been giving them 'Cerebos' Salt regularly in all their food, they might not have been ill at all, and you would have thus saved all the expense which their stay and yours costs you here."

"But does 'Cerebos' Salt contain the same things as chemical food?"

"Exactly the same. The strength of each consists in phosphates such as one misses by throwing away the bran of wheat, and using only white flour for making bread. The benefit, too, of using 'Cerebos' Salt regularly is that the system obtains the materials it requires with every meal, and the bones, the blood, the brain, and the nerves are therefore gradually and steadily built up. You cannot expect the same result from an occasional course of chemical food."

"No; I can quite understand that, and I must in future have all our food strengthened by using 'Cerebos' Salt in the kitchen as well as at table."

WHAT DOCTORS SAY.

From Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.D., D.P.H. (Cambridge), F.R.C.S.I., M.R.C.P.I., F.I.C.; Professor of Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland; Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, City and County Analyst.

"I have carefully examined a specimen of 'Cerebos' Salt prepared by Cerebos Limited, Newcastle-on-Tyne. I find it consists chiefly of sodium chloride or common salt, but that it also includes a substantial proportion of phosphates, such as are necessary to the formation of bone and muscle. I consider it a very nice form in which to take the salt as a condiment, whilst at the same time introducing to the system valuable phosphates."

NECESSARY FOR DEVELOPMENT.

From T. Hatfield Walker, Esq., L.R.C.P., F.C.S.; Public Analyst for the City of Carlisle; late Medical Officer of Health, Longtown, &c.

"I have made a careful analysis of Cerebos Table Salt. I find it to contain a proper proportion of the mineral constituents of grain, which are largely thrown away with the bran. These substances are necessary for the development of the bones, teeth, hair, brain, and nerve."

"This preparation (being a food) can be taken with absolute safety, and generally with great benefit, by persons of all ages, but it will be of especial advantage to young and delicate children."

SUPPLIES NUTRIMENT MISSING IN BREAD.

From Walter Lattey, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S., &c., Southam, Warwickshire.

"A very good article for supplying the nutriment so palpably missing in our bread supply. It should, I think, be especially recommended to be used by females during pregnancy, as it is then, probably, that the rickety condition is often started in the offspring."

BUILDS UP BONE, TEETH, AND BLOOD.

From Vickerman H. Rutherford, Esq., B.A., M.B., &c.

"Most excellent and exceedingly suitable as an article of diet for salting bread, puddings, meat, &c. It is far superior to common table salt, not only in containing chemical elements that build up bone, teeth, and blood, but also from its more refined and delicate flavour."

CEREBOS

TABLE

SALT

Every grain is a
silent constitution-builder.
Invaluable in the daily Food.



HOME NOTES PAGE

reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES PAGE.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil case will be given to each

For Indigestion. try the beaten white of an egg in a wineglassful of cold water directly after meals. (Reply to VERITÉ.)

To Clean Mirrors. Dip a cloth in methylated spirits and rub on the mirror. Allow it to dry on before polishing with a soft duster.

Haddock Toast Pick the flesh from a dried haddock after scalding, and pound it till smooth. Set it in a pan with a little butter, cayenne pepper, some lemon juice and a few drops of essence of anchovy. Stir all over the fire till very hot, then pile it on squares of hot buttered toast.

When Storing Furs. line the box with newspapers, and lay rags dipped into paraffin in the corners, wrapped in thick paper. Arrange the furs in layers, and set slightly moist paraffin rags between the various layers of paper.

Ginger Nuts. Mix together one pound of flour, one pound and a half of treacle, half a pound of moist sugar, one ounce of ground ginger, with six ounces of butter. Mix all nicely together, then drop pieces on a baking-tin in balls the size of a walnut. Bake in a quick oven from five to ten minutes. (Reply to CLARA.)

Potato Chips. Peel and slice some good potatoes and let them lie in cold water for an hour. Dry by laying the chips on a clean towel and pressing them with another. Fry quickly in boiling lard (after it throws off a blue smoke) to a delicate brown. Take out as soon as they are done. Shake briskly in a hot colander to free from fat, and serve at once on a napkin. (Reply to COLLIER BAY.)

Another Remedy for Rheumatism, which perhaps, with some people, will be better than the celery treatment I gave a few weeks ago: Pour about a quart of perfectly boiling water over half a dozen sliced lemons and two ounces of Epsom salts. Mash the lemons. Take a good half tumbler of this liquid each morning on rising, till the quantity is gone. (Thanks to J. R. E.)

Dough Nuts made from this recipe will, I trust, prove what you need. Take three cupfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, a saltspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of baking soda, one ounce of butter, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Mix all into a light dough, using a little milk. Work into balls the size of an orange and drop into boiling fat. Fry to a golden brown, and sprinkle with caster sugar just before serving. (Reply to LOTTIE.)

Polish the Sea Shells as Follows, and I feel sure you will have good results: First rub the shells with a rag dipped into common hydrochloric acid until the outer dull skin is removed. Wash in warm water, then set in hot sawdust to dry and afterwards polish with a chamois leather. While using the acid thick gloves should be worn to protect the hands. The shells that have no natural polished surface can be varnished, or rubbed with a little tripoli powder and turpentine on the leather, and then with olive oil. Lastly polish with chamois leather. (Reply to CONEATING.)



A Cool Blouse is just what you are wanting now that the weather is turning warmer, and you cannot do better than select the pretty and effective style shown in the margin. It would look equally well in muslin, silk, or delaine, to be worn over a coloured slip. You will find a free pattern of it with full directions for using it in this week's HOME NOTES, published on Friday, April 11th. Price One Penny.

Stains on Flannels may be removed by applying equal quantities of yolk of egg and glycerine, and allowing it to soak for half an hour before the garment is washed.

To Keep Kitchen Tables White have this mixture always by you for scouring them: Half a pound of sand, half a pound of soft soap, and a quarter of a pound of lime. Work all into a paste together. Put this on to the scrubbing brush with an old wooden spoon, then wash it off in plenty of clean water.

Shrewsbury Cakes. Take half a pound of fine, dry flour, rub into it six ounces of butter, add four ounces of caster sugar and a quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon (powdered). Make into a firm dough with a beaten egg. Roll out the paste about a quarter of an inch thick, cut into shapes with a tumbler, bake in a slow oven till crisp and a delicate golden colour. (Reply to THORNHILL.)

A Good Fudge is made as follows: The recipe is taken from my grandmother's cookery book: Mash a nicely-boiled potato in a little warm water, add to it one ounce of sugar, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and one ounce of butter. Stir into this by degrees one pound of wheatmeal. Knead it thoroughly. Roll out to the thickness of a third of an inch. Cut into shapes, and bake for half an hour. (Reply to R. D. A.)

To Insure Having Good Soup in Your House it is necessary to extract the full strength of the meat by long, slow boiling, taking care that the pot boils continuously. Soups should be made a day before they are required, for by this means long standing will cause the fat to harden, so that it can all be removed easily. In summer weather, soup that is to be kept must be boiled up each day, and poured into a clean basin. N.B.—Save the fat from the top of the soup, and it will come in, when clarified, for frying.

A Good Whitewash Recipe. First take a bushel of quicklime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it and add a peck of salt made into a brine with warm water, three pounds of rice boiled to a perfect paste, one pound of glue dissolved in hot water, half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting. After mixing all these ingredients thoroughly let them stand for three or four days. Set all this in an old pan and heat it thoroughly before using. This whitewash has a very good glaze and is almost equal to a white paint. (Reply to TORSIE.)

Cod's Roe should be prepared as follows, and will prove a very good dish: Select a roe that has an unbroken skin and not very large. I always fancy that the smaller are more delicate in flavour. Tie it up in a cloth and plunge into boiling salted water, in which there is a little vinegar, or lemon-juice. Boil for about twenty minutes, and stand aside in the cloth to get cold, when it will be found to be firm and should be cut into slices about half an inch thick. Season these with cayenne pepper, salt, and a little mace, dip into beaten egg and then into breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat till a golden colour. Drain and serve at once with fried parsley and slices of lemon.

To Use Small Coal, follow my recipe for "Fire Balls," and you will have a fuel which burns famously, and can even, with care, be used for lighting the fire when coal is scarce. When clay can be had, the coal-dust should be made up with half its bulk of clay, and made into balls the size of oranges. These, after being dried, will burn with an intense heat; not alone, but placed with lumps of coal on an ordinary fire. In towns, where clay is not easily procured, the dust can be worked into balls with just sufficient paraffin, or other mineral oil, to make them hold together. As a practical cook, I always require all small coal mixed with cooke for my kitchen range; this keeps up a steady, reliable fire. (Reply to C. T. S.)

To Clean Blonde Lace. Cut some old soft linen into strips, a little wider than your lace; make them into one length, then tack your lace on very carefully and evenly at the extreme edges. Make a lather of soap suds with the oil just off the water, set the lace in and let it remain about half an hour; then pass it gently through your hands until quite clean, but do not rub it; rinse in cold water. If the lace be very yellow, add a little blue, then squeeze your lace in a towel, but do not wring it; pull out the strip of linen as wide as you can and place it in a large or long book, passing the strip from leaf to leaf. If the book be printed, place thick white paper next to your lace. Press the book very heavily for two days, then remove it, taking the lace from the linen very carefully. If these directions are properly followed you will hardly know your blonde from new. (Reply to BECKETT.)

LOVE PROBLEMS.

Solved by MADGE MORRIS.

No. 21.—Miss A is engaged to Mr. B and finds him a very clumsy lover, unable either to give or take a compliment. How can she improve him?

Mr. B is probably one of those self-conscious lovers who are afraid to speak their whole minds for fear of being thought absurd. This kind of young man is very often to be found attached to a girl of the opposite characteristics, one who is a past mistress in the art of saying nice things. Miss A is very likely such a girl. She is very bright, and talkative, and can express herself very sweetly. For some reason or another she has become devoted to Mr. B, who cannot say a felicitous syllable to save his life, which throws on her the onus of doing all the love-making. How is this state of affairs to be placed on a proper footing?

Well, if compliments and nice remarks are so essential to the continuance of the affair, Miss A should try being a little less talkative herself. Obviously, if, as I suppose, she has done most of the conversation in the past, he has been forced into the position of second fiddle from which he will find it difficult to extricate himself. Had she not, in the first instance, taken on herself the duties of prime conversationalist, things might have been entirely different. Instead of saying "ditto" to her in everything, he would have felt constrained to take some active line or another on his own account, which would have resulted in a much more ideal state of affairs.

Miss A should try and get things back to the state which would have existed had she, on their first meetings, left him to pass the compliments, and contented herself with nicely supplementing them.

I know of a case which I may lay before those interested in this problem. Miss A was just such a talkative girl as I have described, and, as is very often the case, Mr. B was just the reverse. Miss A committed the mistake of doing all the conversation herself for a long time. Being such a splendid hand at it, she rather put poor B's gift to shame, and he gradually got to think that it was not for him to join issue with her in such an unequal contest.

This rather palled on her after a time, and she changed tactics. When she saw anything she liked, a play, or picture, or scene, instead of, as before, giving vent to a burst of eulogy about it, to which she invited his consent, she asked him his opinion, and helped him to express it. He would start with some crude monosyllable, and she would gradually make him extend it until some sort of definite opinion became expressed.

Now the next time they met anyone together she would say, "Do you know what B said about that?" referring to the object in question, and would attribute to him some quite well-expressed opinion. She kept doing this for a very long time, until B found that, under her auspices, he was gaining a reputation for being quite brilliant.

The first result was that he felt called upon to live up to such a reputation, and instead of always allowing her opinion about everything to prevail, took to saying things himself, at which in time he became quite skilled. He is no longer the reserved, shy young man he was, for by this policy she has compelled him to cultivate the art of conversation, which was the only defect in his character.

I advise Miss A to do the same. Let him talk, help him to express himself, and by telling your friends that he said this and that, gain him a reputation for cleverness which he will be forced to live up to.

No. 22.—Mrs. A has asked Mr. B and Miss C to a party which they have both accepted, not knowing of the other's presence. Mrs. A since learns that they have no wish to meet, owing to a broken engagement between them. How can she at the eleventh hour prevent any unpleasantness?

If there is still time, Mrs. A should send a note to Mr. B saying how pleased she was that he was coming, and ask him to bring a song (this would be the excuse for the sudden communication). Then she should add: "Such a charming lot of people are coming, including Miss C, whom I believe you know."

Now this would quite absolve Mrs. A from any responsibility for unpleasantness. Mr. B would know that Miss C was to be there; he would also see that Mrs. A was obviously unaware of any quarrel between them. If he went to the party, it would be with full knowledge that he was likely to encounter her, and, therefore, would have to make up his mind how to act.

Mrs. A, by doing this, would have given Mr. B a graceful opportunity of "being unavoidably prevented from coming," which he might or might not avail himself of. In any case her part in the matter would be above reflection.

IT IS ALWAYS INTERESTING

to know other people's opinion of yourself, especially when that opinion is absolutely unbiased.

If you want to know what sort of a person you are send a specimen of your handwriting to

RANZ, 22 Paternoster Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

inclosing six penny stamps and a stamped addressed envelope.

HOLIDAYS FOR 1902.	1902. MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.
Good Friday . . . March 23.	M 3 10 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25
Easter Monday . . . March 31.	T 10 17 24 31	T 13 20 27	T 11 18 25	T 10 17 24 31	T 14 21 28	T 12 19 26
Whitsun Monday . . . May 19.	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	T 11 18 25	T 9 16 23 30
Coronation Day . . . June 26.	W 12 19 26	W 9 16 23 30	W 13 20 27	W 11 18 25	W 15 22 29	W 13 20 27
Bank Holiday . . . August 4.	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24	T 10 17 24	T 8 15 22 29	T 12 19 26	T 10 17 24
Christmas Day . . . December 25.	F 7 14 21 28	F 4 11 18 25	F 12 19 26	F 10 17 24 31	F 14 21 28	F 12 19 26
Boxing Day . . . December 26.	S 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 13 20 27	S 11 18 25	S 15 22 29	S 13 20 27

Building up after Hemorrhage

The happiest results attended the use of Scott's Emulsion



NURSE KATHLEEN GIBSON
(From a photograph.)

Nurses naturally have more extended opportunities of watching cases than physicians. When a nurse has a story to tell, therefore, it is based on observations made hour by hour. And with nurses the note of triumph is very pleasant when the fight is won; as for example:

"John Street, Kilmallock,
"Co. Limerick, Ireland,
"January 17th, 1901.

"Dear Sirs,—I had a little patient, aged five years, who suffered from a very delicate chest and lung disease, and was subject to hemorrhage of the lungs, accompanied by a bad cough. I recommended your valuable Scott's Emulsion for her, and I am pleased to say the happiest results have attended its use. My little patient has now become a strong and healthy child, and her lungs are quite healed. The little one took the Emulsion well from the first, her appetite quickly improved, and the ultimate results have given the greatest satisfaction. I consider Scott's Emulsion invaluable for delicate children, and always feel pleasure in recommending it, knowing that good results are certain to follow its use. Very many of my patients have taken Scott's Emulsion upon my recommendation, and the results are invariably satisfactory.

"Yours sincerely,
"(Signed) NURSE KATHLEEN GIBSON."

There are a number of points in Nurse Gibson's letter that apply in every home where there is a delicate child, in every home even where the children are "not quite right."

To begin with, "the little one took the

Emulsion well"—this proves Scott's Emulsion has none of the nasty taste or smell of common cod-liver oil. Then: "good results are certain to follow its use"—mothers therefore need never hesitate to give it. Finally: "My little patient has now become a strong and healthy child"—this is the result—which Scott's Emulsion always secures—each mother of a delicate child most earnestly desires.

You may perhaps wonder at this; you will not if you consider a moment what Scott's Emulsion is. It contains pure cod-liver oil, the standard medicinal food known to physicians, blended with hypophosphites of lime and soda, the two leading elements in bone and tissue building. The process of its manufacture is the result of the experience of thirty years. Many things have been offered in its place from time to time, but Scott's Emulsion remains the standard remedy of the British people.

Therefore there was nothing to wonder at in the cure of Nurse Gibson's little patient. Hemorrhage of the lungs, bad cough, retarded development, and all the painful weakness after hemorrhage disappear in taking Scott's Emulsion; it calls back appetite, health and strength, and these bring happiness.

Look for the man carrying a big codfish over his shoulder—unless he and his fish are on the wrapper you are not buying Scott's Emulsion.

You can obtain a sample of Scott's Emulsion by sending threepence to cover postage to Scott & Bowne Limited, 95 Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C., and mentioning this paper. All chemists sell Scott's Emulsion.

Weak Digestion: Lost Strength.

When you sit down to a meal with misgivings as to whether simple Food will agree with you, when you almost fear to eat, because you have experienced so much Pain and discomfort after previous meals; when, if you indulge in your natural tastes and likings in Food in moderation, you are afterwards afflicted with Flatulence, Heartburn, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Nervous disturbance, Loss of Energy, and general Heaviness, Sleepiness and lethargy, it is then that you may feel sure you are a sufferer from a weak Stomach and weak Digestion.

Your system is choked with the waste and decay of previous undigested meals, and you are weak and Nervous, just because you did not digest them.

Now is the time to begin Guy's Tonic Treatment of immediate benefit and radical cure.

After each meal take Guy's Tonic to help digest what you have eaten, to strengthen your own Digestive functions, to increase the activity of the Liver, and to restore tone and Vigour to your Nervous System.

The remedial action of this valuable Preparation is of the greatest value and service. Health is restored, Strength is recovered, the Nerves and Energies are re-Vitalised, whilst good Appetite and good Digestion ensure to the System that true digested Nourishment without which there can be no Health or Vigour.



Guy's Tonic Proved:

"Chronic Indigestion and Low Spirits."

Miss S. Thomas, of 44 Station Street, Boston, Linco., writes:—

"I had chronic Indigestion so badly I could hardly walk across the room. I felt Low-Spirited, and everything seemed a trouble. I had a Doctor, but his treatment was all in vain. Seeing Guy's Tonic advertised, my parents were anxious that I should try a bottle. I did so, and before three bottles were taken I felt like another person, so great was the relief. I have recommended Guy's Tonic to scores of people, and all of them agree it is a wonderful Tonic."

"Low-Spirited and Always Tired."

Miss M. Stanley, of 29 Easton, Portland, Dorset, writes:—

"I have been ill for a long time. I could not eat, was very Low-Spirited, and could not get about to do my work. I always felt Tired, did not want to do anything, and ached all over. I tried everything that people told me of, but got no better, until I read of Guy's Tonic, and was persuaded to try a bottle. I felt better at once, and after having taken three bottles I am now quite well. I can thoroughly recommend Guy's Tonic."

Everybody needs a tonic occasionally. Even the most healthy of us sometimes feel Run-down, Tired-out, and without Energy. The hundred and one minor worries of every-day life all tend to bring the Health "below par," and when this is the case we are far more liable to attacks of infectious disease. How important then to maintain a high standard of good Health. The occasional use of Guy's Tonic will keep you in the pink of condition. Its action commences at the beginning—with the food you eat. It assists the Stomach in the Digestion of Food by actually performing some part of the process, besides stimulating a greater flow of Gastric (or Digestive) Juice. In addition to these properties, Guy's Tonic invigorates the Nervous System, increases the Vitality, dissipates Fatigue, dispels Lethargy, and infuses new Energy into the System.

"Weakness

and

General

Debility."

Miss A. Smythe, of 125 High Street, Rushden, writes:—

"For a long time I was suffering from Weakness and General Debility. I had been taking every kind of tonic I could think of, but all to no purpose, until my brother advised me to try Guy's Tonic, as he had been taking it. Guy's Tonic is the only medicine he will take now—he has no faith in any other. I am pleased to say that after taking two bottles of Guy's Tonic I felt quite well, and whenever I feel a little Run-down, I just take another bottle which puts me right again. I shall most decidedly tell all my friends to try a bottle of Guy's Tonic when not feeling well."

A Six Ounce Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is on sale at all Chemists' and Stores.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

**Bilious and Nervous Disorders,
Sick Headache, Constipation, Wind and
Pains in Stomach, Impaired Digestion,
Disordered Liver, and Female Ailments**

In Boxes 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

THE 1s. 1½d. BOX CONTAINS 56 PILLS.

The Sale is Now Six Million Boxes Yearly.

Prepared only by the Proprietor—

THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers Everywhere.

Orders for Pencil-cases Taken Here.

A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

I WISH to thank the thousands of readers who have written to congratulate me on the new story, "As a MAN SOWS," which has just started. I never felt any doubt as to the pleasure which the story would give readers, but I may say I am surprised that so many have felt sufficiently enthusiastic about it to justify their writing and giving me their good opinion of it. As it is impossible for me to reply to each of these letters personally, I take this opportunity of thanking the writers for their good wishes. Even now there are probably several readers who have not yet started to read this story, and to these I would say, turn at once to page 665, and read the first column.

M. B. AND 30,000 OTHER READERS.—Thanks for your kind letters. The *Der*, which struck on the rocks on Good Friday, 1897, did not, I find, break up. She was towed into St. Aubin's Bay, and afterwards proceeded under her own steam to Barrow to be repaired. So she did not become a total wreck, after all.

"WHAT is the meaning of the expression 'piping times of peace'?" asks T. R. N.—The expression is Shakespeare's, and hails from *Richard III*. The pipe, has, from the earliest ages, symbolised peace and pastoral quiet, as distinct from the martial trumpet or drum. "The piping times of peace," therefore, means a period accompanied by "piping," as distinct from "trumpeting," the instrument of war not of peace. Certainly the expression is antiquated in our day, as there is just as much "piping" in war time as in peace in our own country, as can be seen from a daily glance at the political speeches.

HERE is a little problem in elementary scandal propounded by W. W. T. A tells B a secret on condition that he does not repeat it to anyone. Shortly B hears the same story from C. Has B any right to repeat it then?—This must depend on whether B heard the story from A under any genuine seal of confidence, or whether A in asking him not to repeat it spoke merely as an ordinary scandal-monger anxious to circulate scandal and escape the consequences of being confronted as the author of it. If the former, and B has really heard the story in confidence, he should certainly not circulate it, even though others may be doing so independently of him. If the secrecy was merely insincere, then he can simply act as inclination dictates. If a thing is public property, then it is absurd to maintain an air of secrecy about it.

SHALL I, or shall I not? That is to say, shall I rush in and defend the lady smoker, or extend to her the silence that gives dissent? Miss G. H. asks me to say something on the matter. "Why do men who are terrible smokers condemn the habit as an unbecoming one in women? If it is so, why do they indulge in it themselves? Please throw your influence on to the side of the lady smoker."—There are many women to whom the weed is as consoling and necessary a friend as it is to men, and I should be the last to condemn them. But, as a general rule, ladies have not the same ground for defending the habit as men. Clever as they are, the stress on their brain power is not the same as that on men, who are often at a continuous mental high pressure, and require some artificial soothing. Further, as a social resource in aiding conversation, women do not require it, as that quality is natural to them and wants no forcing process. Again, one of the principal uses of smoking—that is, as a destroyer of germs—can scarcely be so much in demand amongst ladies who are not continuously rushing to and fro in cities, railway carriages and public places generally. Lastly, there are very few women who do not find in needlework, sweetmeats, or a cup of tea, all that a man finds in his cigarette or cigar; therefore, I, for one, do not wish to see the smoking habit grow amongst women, as, after all, it is not quite womanly.

S. M., who recently invented something, and duly paid for taking out a patent, now finds that, owing to a lack of knowledge of the first principles of mechanics, his wonderful idea is worse than useless. This is naturally rather annoying for him, and he vents his rage on the Patent Office authorities. He thinks that, considering the large fees charged, they ought to be able to afford the employment of competent technical clerks and examiners, who would overhaul all models and restrict the granting of patents to possibilities. This would be a rather big undertaking, but I think there is some wisdom in my correspondent's suggestion. This is the era of unenlightened enthusiasts, and even the perpetual motion illusionists are not yet extinct, though they ought in fairness to themselves to be suppressed. But the Patent Office expert and the inventor might not always agree. This would be worse than awkward, for no man likes being told, however politely, that his ideas are impracticable. And I fail to see how the officers of the Patent Office, however competent they might be, could always judge of the merits of an invention from a rough working model.

R. E. S.—As you say, the ignorance among many people as to such simple matters as the meaning of the Latin abbreviations "Dei. Gra." etc., on our coins is surprising. However, for the benefit of the large number of people you cite as unenlightened on the matter, the words after "Edwardus VII.," viz., "Dei. Gra. Britt. Omn. Rex. Fid. Def. Ind. Imp." are translated "Edward VII., by the Grace of God (Dei Gratia), King of All the Britains (Britanniarum Omnium Rex), Defender of the Faith (Fidei Defensor), Emperor of India (India Imperator)."

A FOURTEEN year old boy reader of St. John's, Newfoundland, has written to tell me that while he was at Hopedale on a holiday recently, he was told of the case of a boy who, while pretending to run like a deer, was attacked by a number of Eskimo dogs, who held him down and killed him. The Moravian missionaries then hanged the whole gang of dogs implicated, partly as a lesson to the Eskimos, and partly not to injure the skins of the animals, which are valuable. This is the first time I have ever heard of a batch of dogs being disposed of wholesale in this way.

"WHY do commercial travellers and others constantly refer to an individual as a 'party'?" asks A. H. H.—Among commercial travellers, the expression is explainable. In business, a person is a "party" to a contract, and business men in dealings with each other are "parties" in negotiation. Consequently, a traveller will refer to Mr. Jones as a "party" with whom he is dealing. Among ordinary people, the expression is partly humorous, and is often applied to a person who is a "party" in himself, that is, a person who combines the importance of several people, or suggests largeness; thus, a "fussy old party."

"WHEN meeting a person in the street, which way should one turn to avoid bumping against him, as is so often the case?" asks J. H. A.—There is a kind of rule for pedestrians that they should pass on the right-hand side of the pavement. But, seeing that nobody keeps it, nobody else keeps it. My advice is, when meeting a person who looks bumpy, that you should pause yourself, fix him with a steely glance, and allow him to pass which way he chooses. This course will be found to save much time and temper. The dodging so much in vogue among hasty people is picturesque to bystanders, but obstructive.

I THINK you will find, M. E. P., that one of the first Government uses of the Marconi telegraphy will be the installation of plant to communicate with remote country districts where there is no present wire, so bear yourself in peace for a year or so, and I think you will find the district of Ireland in which you dwell will then be brought into etheretic touch with the rest of mankind. You suggest the possibility of your parish being connected up with London direct. Well, as you may have read, there is considerably more difficulty in the problem of overland wireless telegraphy than oceanic communication, owing to the many intervening objects such as buildings, mountains, and the like. So, until some general overland system is in use, I think you must banish your dream of being able to signal direct to the Metropolis.

RESULT OF THE SECOND RAILWAY STATIONS COMPETITION.

THERE are, altogether, twenty-two competitors whose attempts are in accordance with the key given below. This decision has just been arrived at at the moment of going to press, and it has, therefore, been impossible for us to assure ourselves that the winning competitors have not received the assistance of professional competition solvers. Their names and addresses must, therefore, be held over until next week. Meanwhile we give the list of correct solutions in order that other competitors may compare the names with those which they have sent in:

1. Annan; 2. Barnes; 3. Biggar; 4. Sully; 5. Round Oak; 6. Sole Street; 7. West Vale; 8. Cleve; 9. Bakewell; 10. March; 11. Little Eaton; 12. Bold; 13. (Cancelled); 14. Dover Harbour; 15. Bugle; 16. Wark; 17. Par; 18. Fungles; 19. Byker; 20. Backworth; 21. Banbury; 22. Barton; 23. Bestwood; 24. Clegg Street; 25. Drum; 26. Spital; 27. Barras; 28. Claycross; 29. Cark; 30. Bacup; 31. Chard; 32. Mold; 33. Swineshead; 34. Wandsworth; 35. Thorney; 36. Friary; 37. Duffries; 38. Colne; 39. Paragon; 40. Wixford; 41. Lyndoch; 42. Hoss; 43. Doller; 44. Pelton or Pelton; 45. College; 46. Grestland; 47. Amble; 48. Stoke Works; 49. Great Coates; 50. Sway; 51. Bowchurch; 52. Kells; 53. Exchange; 54. Dinton; 55. Wortstead; 56. Dunning; 57. Swine; 58. Nottingham Road; 59. Mumps; 60. Temple Mead; 61. Tub's Hill.

The names of those stations which do not appear in the index to "Bradshaw" will be found on the following pages: Clegg Street (Oldham) (page 499), Friary (Plymouth) (page 506), College (page 626), Nottingham Road (Derby) (page 496), Temple Mead (Bristol) (page 499), Mumps (Oldham) (page 617), Paragon (Hull) (page 602).

THOSE readers who were anxious to enter for the great Name-Hunting Competition which started in *SHORT STORIES* Easter Number, but who were unable to obtain a copy of the paper, owing to the enormous demand, will be pleased to hear that, by securing *THE BIG BUDGET* (dated April 12th), they will find in it the first two coupons, and will thus be able to begin the competition at once. The third coupon appears in *SHORT STORIES* dated April 12th—the one with black and yellow cubes on the cover.

JUPITER is very anxious to improve his memory, and to do this without artificial aid. He has a theory of his own, based on the quantity and quality of food eaten, and wishes to know if I can give him any hints as to the sort of nourishment likely to be useful to him.

Although your idea is not a new one, that doesn't alter the fact that it is a silly one. Bacri placed his belief in the brains of hares and hens stewed in onions as a memory strengthener, while Grataroli staked his all on the efficiency of a hazelnutful of mole's fat, calcined human hair, cumin, and bear's grease for the same purpose. For my part, I think there's nothing like roast beef and Yorkshire, followed by a helping of plum pudding. Such a meal is just as likely to aid your memory as any other, and, anyway, it's good food.

ELSEWHERE, in this number, you will find an article which gives particulars of our plans this year for the FRESH AIR FUND. Everyone is going to celebrate the Coronation of our King in some way or other. The FRESH AIR FUND is going to celebrate it by giving a day in the country to a greater number of children than it has ever done before. In order to do this, it is necessary that you should assist, and, without wishing to appear in the slightest degree aggressive, I may tell you politely, but firmly, that I am going to get at least ninepence out of you between now and the end of the summer. As to the manner in which I am going to do it, nothing can be said here at present. We have prepared a number of schemes—all of which are going to be applied vigorously from time to time—for the purpose of loosening your purse-strings. This week I shall not press the matter further, but next week we are going to begin. So look out!

BELOW will be found a list of the subscriptions which have come to hand since the last list was published. The total amount includes the sums held over from last year, and the amounts which have come in from time to time during the winter months.

C. F. C., 1s.; Sheffielder, 2s.; P. Anhalt, of Hamichen, 3s.; Saltwater, 2s.; J. Davey, 11s. 6d.; Kenneth, 2d.; "Creolin," 10s.; Mr E. L., 5d.; A. Kitchen, 3d.; H. Schoenfeld, 1s.; Billy Button, 1s. 6d.; Two Little Easter Eggs, 1s. 6d.; A. L. L., 6s. COLLECTED: Four Riflemen, 10s.; Hugh Perrie, 3s.; the Dalmore Cycling Club, per Mrs. Eaton, £1 12s. 6d. Grand (P.W.) total, £490. 8s. 8d.

New Insurance Scheme.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 41 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

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£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' tickets in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the next-of-kin of any eyelid who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for *PEARSON'S WEEKLY* in advance to their newagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Messrs. Pearson & Co., Ltd., London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Rules No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 83 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature

Available from 5 p.m. Thursday, April 10th, 1902, until midnight Friday, April 11th, 1902.

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square-fronted gilets for collar
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Child's Sailor Dress,
skirt trimmed three rows
crimson Russia braid, made
on strong calico bodice
trimmed with crimson
serge collar, also detach-
able crimson collar, trimmed
braid, and finished at the
neck with bow of ribbon. Made in Cheviot
Serge or Costume Coating.
LENGTHS AND PRICES:
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Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating;
skirt trimmed white braid, Eton Coat with
large sailor collar, trimmed braid to match.
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to 90- to 92- to 94- to 96- to 98- to 100-
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EXTRAORDINARY SUFFERINGS FOR 13 YEARS.

He suffered from Rheumatism, with Curvature of the Spine, and finally a Stroke of Paralysis.

ALL POSSIBLE MEDICAL TREATMENT WAS APPLIED IN VAIN.

TREATMENTS: Vapour Baths; Hot Fomentations; Lying flat for six months; Plaster of Paris Jacket; Electric Battery.

WHERE TREATED: Manchester Royal Infirmary;
Convalescent Home, Southport;
Convalescent Home, Cheadle.

DISCHARGED INCURABLE.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People ABSOLUTELY AND ENTIRELY CURED HIM.

AS HENRY FARROW, whose case is briefly summarised above, holds a position of trust as stock-keeper to a famous Manchester firm. He is 47 years of age, and 15 Lind Street, Holt Town, Ancoats, Manchester. He is well-known and much respected, and is a member of the Order of Druids. He described his case and cure as follows: "In 1889 my first sickness started. It was rheumatism in the back, and I had it close on six months. I consulted a doctor. At the beginning of 1890 the doctor told me I wasn't fit for work. A friend had advised me to have vapour baths once a week, and for five weeks I took his advice. At first I felt much better, but after the fourth bath my appetite went, and after the fifth my back got worse. Then somebody told me to apply fomentations, which I did, but still suffered great pain. I was told that my ribs became bent, and

I HAD CURVATURE OF THE SPINE.

"I went again to the doctor and told him what I had been doing. He said 'When you get up, lie flat on your back until you are told to get up.'"

FOR MORE THAN SIX MONTHS I LAY ON MY BACK IN BED.

"The doctor attended me all that time, and I took two bottles of medicine per week. I was then induced to consult another doctor, who told me I would be better in the Royal Infirmary. I could just walk then. I went into the Infirmary where I was placed in

A JACKET OF PLASTER OF PARIS.

Then they sent me to the Convalescent Home at Southport, but I got worse instead of better, and went back to the Manchester Royal Infirmary. Then I was at home for six months unable to do anything. At the end of that period I was re-admitted to the Infirmary. I began to lose the use of my hips, and for weeks I was in bed. When I got out of bed I could scarcely crawl, but they sent me to the Convalescent Hospital at Cheadle; I had to be carried into and from the hospital van. Instead of getting better I got worse.

THE ELECTRIC BATTERY WAS APPLIED TO ME

at various times during the eighteen weeks I was at Cheadle. I had evidently had a stroke of paralysis, for I could not feel the shocks. One day I dragged myself by the aid of a chair to divine service in the chapel, but the agony I suffered was horrible, and I was carried back to bed. In May, 1891, I received my discharge. They had done their utmost for me, and I felt that

I WAS INCURABLE.

A week or two before my discharge the doctors stuck needles into my legs and thighs, but I had no feeling. I got home somehow in a cab, out of which they had to carry me into the house. One day my brother William said to me: 'I have heard so much of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People that if you will try them I will pay for them.' I accepted his offer. I took two boxes, but was no better. My brother kept urging me to go on with them, and I did so, carefully following the instructions sent with the pills, and

AFTER THE FOURTH BOX I WAS CURED,

able to resume my employment. "For two years I kept to my work, and then I was taken ill again, but instead of taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as I ought to have done, I went to the Convalescent Home in Southport. That was in 1895. I did not get better, and the doctor said I had better go home. I came home, but I couldn't walk. They had to carry me to bed. Then I determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills another trial. I took four boxes, one after the other; my brother kept urging me to persevere. I did so, following the instructions to the letter. I got a fifth box, and before I had finished it I got a little strength in my legs. I took two more boxes, getting stronger every day. Before the fifth box was finished I was able to go to my employment. I have been at work ever since, and am

STRONGER AND HEARTIER THAN EVER.

"I don't know what to say to you or how to express my thankfulness for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I tell you that there was nothing on this earth that cured me but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Reader, Does Not This Teach You Something About Yourself?

No other medicine ever advertised effects such cures as this. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured here where all other medical treatment failed. If they can cure such cases as this, will they not cure your perhaps less serious, less hopeless ailment?

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

They cure paralysis, locomotor ataxy, rheumatism, and sciatica; also all diseases arising from impoverishment of the blood, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, consumption of the bowels and lungs, anaemia, pale and sallow complexion, general muscular weakness, loss of appetite, palpitations, pains in the back, nervous headache, and neuralgia, early decay, all forms of female weakness and hysteria. These pills are a tonic, not a purgative. They are genuine only with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and are sold by chemists, and by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., at 2s. 9d. a box, or six boxes for 13s. 9d.

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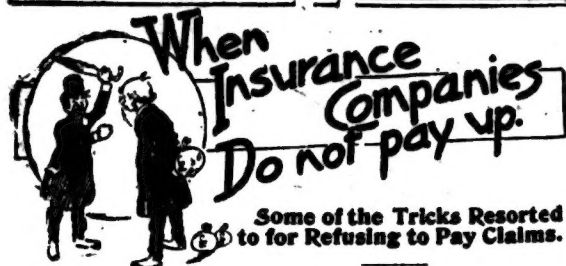
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MR. J. H. FARROW.

(From a photo by Allan Neild,
Manchester.)



THE "smartness" of their representatives saves insurance companies thousands of pounds each year. Many insurance managers and superintendents save two or three times the amount of their substantial salaries by the process of whittling down claims, and detecting flaws which might lead to reduction or perhaps non-payment.

The repudiation of insurance claims is far more common than is generally supposed, for although scores of cases pass through the county and police-courts, hundreds of others are quietly sent about their business, or "compromised" by local officials.

Owing to the looseness of weekly insurance transactions generally, an immense number of claim papers show discrepancies between the statements made at death and those first given (by the agent) at entry.

The commonest error is as to age. One year's difference in the age is often sufficient to cause a corresponding difference of a pound or two in the benefit given. Many people—unaware of the fact that deaths should be registered at present age, and not, as with insurances, at age next birthday—register a deceased person at one year older than he really is. When this happens the insurance office invariably insists on paying the amount due according to the age shown on the death certificate, and are usually protected in doing so by a policy clause to that effect.

MAKE YOU PROVE YOUR AGE.

Sometimes differences occur the other way, but the office officials can always play a trump card in that case. It is "heads I win, tails you lose." Proof of age can be legally demanded, and unless the discomfited claimant can give proof of the younger age, entitling him, of course, to more money, he may go whistling for the cash. Threats of prosecution for endeavouring to obtain money by false pretences have even been used in such cases.

The proposal form is always "the basis of the contract" on which a policy is issued. The policy says that the insurance is valid if false statements have been made in the proposal.

Were insurance companies to have their own way entirely on that point, four-fifths of the weekly policies in existence might be declared void at once, and the premiums forfeited. Assurers hardly ever read the proposal forms which are sent in their name, or they would be appalled at the long list of diseases from which the agent states they have never suffered. Nearly every office also states the nature and duration of last illness, but ninety-nine in a hundred forms bear the reply "no illness," or "never ill."

Proposers are always liable for all statements, false or otherwise, made by the agent on the proposal form. Two or three companies stow away among their convenient "conditions of assurance" on the back of a policy the proviso that "all statements made, or acts done, by the agent shall be deemed to have been done by and with the consent of the proposer, as the agent of the assured, and not of the company."

WRONG ENTRIES ON THE PROPOSAL FORM.

According to this, the company's agent can, by all sorts of misrepresentation to you and mis-statements to his employers, get you insured, and although you may be blissfully unconscious of what he has said, to obtain the insurance, any mis-statement would void your policy, forfeit your premiums and perhaps even render you liable to prosecution. In Common Law the principal is responsible for the "torts" of the agent, but this delightfully cool provision keeps you out of the benefit of ordinary law, and is a law unto itself.

It is not always that an insurance company comes off best when it disputes a policy on the ground of ill-health at entry. Judges and juries are hard to convince, and the latter openly sympathise with claimants.

When ill-health is the ground of objection, doctors are often asked to give a certificate stating the "probable duration" of the disease from which the deceased member suffered. Many diseases lurk long in the system before declaring themselves, and there will be no money for the claimant if the "probable duration" exceeds the length of time entered.

Cancer is generally fatal to insurances of less than three or four years' standing, consumption for two years, Bright's disease similarly, while heart disease and rheumatic fever have voided policies on which many years' premiums had been paid. Usually, however, the policy is considered "indisputable," except on grounds of age and title (the claimant's), if it has been in force for five years.

One company, which sought last year to escape payment because the assured had suffered from heart disease, received a rude surprise when the judge held that that disease was one from which the member might not himself have known he suffered, and gave judgment for claimant without more ado.

If you fail in your claim against an insurance office

you have no right to the money you have paid—it is provided so in the policy. This rule was also upheld in the King's Bench Division last year. If the money has been paid to the wrong person, that is your look-out, provided your office be registered under the Friendly Societies Acts, and you must proceed against the person who "collected the pieces." A company registered, however, under the Life Companies Acts must keep on paying until the right one is paid.

Several offices have lately refused to pay money when the claimant had no "insurable interest" in the deceased. Another office makes a pretty penny by refusing to pay to anyone but the next-of-kin. This, of course, is strictly legal, and it works all right for the company in the thousands of cases where the next-of-kin cannot be found.

One company, according to its balance-sheet, has £50,000 more money on hand, admittedly belonging to claimants, than it had three years ago. A good deal of this may be in course of transmission to claimants, but still, the increase is strikingly large, and the total sum approaches a quarter of a million.

People often fail to proceed with their claims from sheer ignorance of the law. It is by no means unusual on applying for club money to be told that a "lapse notice" has been issued, and the policies have lapsed through arrears.

Several offices intrust these important notices to agents for personal delivery, and scores of them never reach their destination, and until they do the policy is still legally in force, even for years. Other offices persist in sending "notices" which are illegal, the law requiring the arrears on each policy to be stated and not merely the total.

KEEP YOUR POLICY.

A claimant knowing these little points can give an insurance company some trouble. One person, indeed, received a verdict because, although a notice had been duly served and expired, the agent had not called to give the member an opportunity to pay.

A lost policy does not debar a claimant from his rights, nor need he so much as part with a policy until his claim is satisfied.

Insurance offices sometimes require a claimant to sign a receipt which also contains an undertaking to indemnify the company against another claim by someone else. Such a proceeding is illegal and the claimant could legally pocket the money and refuse to sign the printed receipt.

Children's claims are often whittled down. The Registrar granting a child's certificate must state the amount of club money payable, and no more than stated can be paid under a heavy penalty.

The amount is often understated to the companies' benefit, but an overstatement makes no difference. The fact that a child is insured in two or three offices may save many pounds to each office, for the total amount receivable by parents is limited by law to £6 for a child under five years and £10 for the ages up to ten.

It must not be forgotten that insurance companies by no means regard themselves as public benefactions or charitable undertakings. Hence they mix no sentiment with their business.

One prominent manager took care to remind a Royal Commission that he, at any rate, considered his company as no charity institution. It was, he said, a commercial undertaking, no more, no less, carried on for the benefit of the shareholders. Considering that his company has received in the last four years £21,000,000 more from the public than has been returned to them, it looks as if at least one "commercial undertaking" had "struck ill."

5/- a Day for Life!

Do you realise what this means?

To the average man who has to work for his living—be he a professional man or a workman—nothing is so uncertain as business. Few of those who read these remarks can say without hesitation that they will, this time next year, be receiving as much money as they are now getting.

A sudden accident that deprives him of the use of a leg or an arm, or of eyesight, may prevent a man from continuing his work for weeks or for months, or, may be, for ever.

How grand, therefore, would it be to know that for certain the sum of five shillings would reach him every day of his life, and keep him, if not in luxury, at all events in comfort.

This munificent prize is offered in a competition of which full particulars will be announced shortly. Meanwhile, all you have to do is to endeavour to realise in your own mind what five shillings a day would really mean to you.

ARE YOU A SINGLE GIRL?

It will keep you in comfort for the rest of your life.

ARE YOU AN ENGAGED GIRL?

It will, if judiciously saved, buy your trousseau and help to furnish your new home.

ARE YOU A MARRIED WOMAN?

It will keep you in new hats and costumes, and enable you to enjoy many little luxuries for which you may have long yearned. If you are, however, of a saving disposition, you can put by for the little ones.

ARE YOU A MARRIED MAN?

It will pay your rent, rates, taxes, coal, servant, and keep you in clothes into the bargain. Not for one year only, but for the rest of your life.

**Think of it!!!
5s. A DAY FOR LIFE!**

PAYING FOR WARS WITH HATS.

Some Budgets we Have Had.

"WHERE did you get that hat?" might well be the subject of inquiry at any time between 1796 and 1811, for in the first-named year a tax was put upon the headgear of His Majesty's lieges. Nightcaps, however, after much discussion, were specially excepted.

Every licensed retailer of hats—whether the latter were "made of felt, or wool, or beaver, or even in the nature of any leather or jappanned hats"—carrying on business within certain London limits, paid forty shillings for his license, provincial dealers suffering an impost of an eighth of that sum.

But the matter did not stop there, for each wearer of headgear as described above had to pay a tax according to a graduated scale, the latter, under a penalty of £10 for each omission, having to paste or affix a duty ticket inside each hat sold. The wearer of a four-shilling "tile" had in the latter a threepenny ticket, whilst the possessor of a hat that cost more than twelve shillings must be able to show a 2s. duty stamp fixed therein. The latter was directed that in all bills made out to customers he must make a separate charge for the duty tickets, and we may well believe that he did not often forget to do so.

One of the effects of the enactment was that the hitherto little-seen straw hat began to leap into public favour, for it had not been included in the list of taxable "tiles," and in order to meet this evasion Parliament passed a special Bill some time after the original one had become law.

Many of the newspapers of the beginning of this century contain frequent reports, quite gravely set forth, of curious law cases that arose out of the hat tax. A certain clergyman and owner of shooting rights prosecuted a labourer for carrying a gun through one of the parson's coppices, and the man was fined under the Game Laws of that time. The reverend prosecutor sat just in front of the dock in which stood the offending labourer, and the latter happened to notice that the parson's hat, which stood on the advocate's table, had no hat stamp in it. So he at once laid an information, and the clergyman was fined ten pounds, half of which went to the Game Laws' officer as informer.

In another case an elderly tradesman of the City of London, a very worthy gentleman, was, at an inn at Richmond, very grossly insulted by a roistering party of young "bloodes" of the period, who made disparaging remarks concerning the tradesman's nose and features generally. The tradesman, subsiding for awhile, and noticing that the hats of his tormentors stood on a sideboard, very quietly examined this headgear, and thereafter immediately laid information against four of the roysterers in that they had no hat stamps in their hats. All the four were fined.

The hair-powder tax caused so little grumbling, though it brought in enormous sums at the beginning of the century—£200,000 was the yearly average—that it actually endured till the year 1868, at which latter period it yielded so much as £1,000 a year. One guinea a year was the sum that had to be paid for using hair powder, but the thrifty father of a family might obtain a sort of omnibus license, which, at the cost of two guineas annually, exempted all his daughters from any pains and penalties arising out of the tax. Officers of the Army and Navy were exempt.

In 1797 all clocks and watches were subject to a tax. In fact every clock, public or private, had to be paid for at the rate of five shillings a year, whilst the sums of ten shillings and half-a-crown respectively had each year to be paid for gold and silver watches. It was estimated that this impost brought to the Revenue about £250,000 a year, though only prosperous people then carried watches.

A thief who was charged at Bow Street with stealing a gentleman's gold watch pleaded that his only object in taking the timepiece out of the gentleman's fob was that he wished to ascertain whether or not the case was stamped, so that he could secure the fee of an informer if it were not.

Though certain of these war-created burdens were so heavy, yet were they paid with the utmost cheerfulness. Indeed, during our great and prolonged fight with Napoleon and his legions, the Briton with £200 a year paid no less than one-tenth of his whole emolument in income tax alone—all incomes of over £60 a year had to pay income tax, and the man with £100 a year disbursed one-fortieth part thereof—but, nevertheless, he gave enormous sums, as free gifts, to the war chest.

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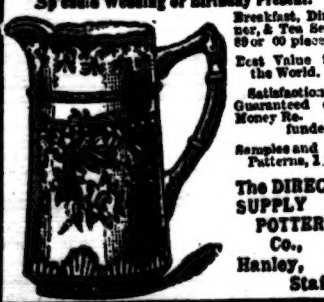
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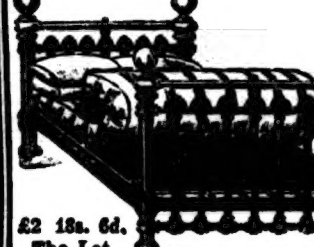
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